AN ADDRESS To the Hopeful Young GENTRY OF ENGLAND.

IN

Some Strictures on the moſt dangerous Vices incident to their Age and Quality.

Mors fera, Parce precor, vitam anticipare vel ipſam;
Ut moriatur Homo, ſit precor ipſe priùs.
Couleius *noſter De Salviâ.*
Cur moriatur-Cui Salvia creſcit?

By a perfect Honourer of their Worth.

London, Printed by *E. C.* for *G. Walbanke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop neer *Grays-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*, 1669.

Imprimatur,

Rob. Grove R. P. D.
Epiſc. Lond. a ſac.
Domeſt.

Mart. 26.
1669.

TO THE

Nobly Accompliſhed,

AND

Honourably Deſcended

John Burgoyne Eſquire.

SIR,

IN *the midſt of the giddy and rapid turnings of the Affairs of this World, the Malignity and Predominancy of Vice, clowding and obſtructing Reaſon, violently agitating the pureſt of its ſpirits and ſuccors into the ſame commotions and confuſions: He that can ſtand ſteady*

and immoveable is a greater Miracle, than could have been the subject of Archimedes *his bold Boast; That he would unfix this whole Globe of Earth, might be have but a footing off from it. For beside his vanity to promise the uncentring of that vast Body and unweildy, when he could not give his own small active Carcase one remove from it; He would have been as far to seek for a convenient distance and station where to effect the operation: So that thorough the incertainty and impossibility of his* postulatum, *the grand design must necessarily fall to the ground, as obscurely as himself was erelong cast down, to measure his own lines and narrow dimensions in the Dust. But granting it a demonstration, I must*

pay

pay far greater Admiration and Esteem to those brave Souls, who when the whole course of Nature is under impetuous motions and tumults remain unconcern'd and fixt, and, by the conduct of singular Virtue, retain their Sobriety and Prudence, when all about them is mad, and under the fatal hurries of the great Disturbers of mankind, or the furious Tempests of their own uncontrouled passions: This 'tis to bear up a manly head above the Ruines, though the whole Fabrick of the World be sinking, and rowling into one Confusion.

That the slender supports of these few Lines are oppos'd against these threatned mischiefs of bolder Vice, with ambition to act the part of any Atlas *(for our declining Age*

seems to want more than One) would be a presumption I need not acquit my self from, by assuring you I dwell not so much abroad, and from the notice of the dangers menacing my own Cottage: And indeed I here expect the whole World to be my Compurgators, and fearing no such Calamity that every one will excuse me that Labour, and as readily engage against any other such Undertaker. The truth is [Sir] these short reflexes on Vice do exceedingly enhanse to me the Beauty and Dowry of Virtue; the more I contemplate the vacuities and deformities of that, I admire to find not so much as the least shadow of either in this; And I am willing to proclaim aloud, That Virtue alone is that noble and

undaunted

undaunted generosity; which not any single Engineer, but were every vicious person an Archimedes, with all their Stratagems and force they could not in the least shake or undermine. And where should I expect, however wish, to find this Gallantry of Spirit, if not among our Nobless? I look on them to be the Spirituous bloud of the Body Politick; not their Purpurate descent alone, but the unquestionable verity that the Bloud is the vitals of the Creature warrants my assertion; and it would be an ungrateful Argument to evince it, from the infallible approaches Death, once enterr'd here, makes upon all the fortresses of the Garrison, in every tide the bloud beats up, to and from the

Heart. The fortyfying therefore of this Archeus, *may it be as cordial and acceptable, as if I now brought some nobler Liquor to be transfus'd into the veins, and drein'd off the sheepish and vituline qualities so long fed upon and imbib'd, that, though we scorn the cloathing, betray the sound of Wool in our language.*

But Sir I must stop here to meet your wonder, when understanding perfectly my temperament, you see this close conception expos'd and enduring the sight of the Sun, and every ones readiness in Physiognomy: and that He you know me to be, when the World can be no more advantaged by his mean capacity, than he is like to be by its unexpected kindness; will yet

put

put himself under the power of suffering from it: Why he is not content to sit still in private digesting his resentments of the follies abroad, with the freedom they allow him to be quiet? and if some will ever be found doing amiss, what should make him do worse, to say he likes it not? He will first tell you every day produces something as strange as this, and what may equally be the object of your wonder; unless you are wholly exempt from it, and He from saying more of it. But if He much more wonder at this himself and (if the regard He cannot dissemble for himself would permit) do hugely condemn himself and it: Will you or any other like him, or it, the better? If neither, Sir believe it,

be

he will keep a little more good opinion in store for himself, which shall make him esteem no better of himself and the world, than if there were no relation intervening; He means so much to favour himself, that that shall do him as little hurt as he can do it good. And if you look for your friend, Sir, he is not yet turn'd Anchorite, he will sooner be a Pilgrim with good Company, and the excellent Guide he is lately acquainted with. Nor are his resentments in fear of Fermentation next Spring; Nay he hopes to be as serene in the Canicular daies, as now, when the humors are close with the Earth lockt up in the cold and innocent embraces of the Snow. And let this clear him from being thought too invective to the evils of our times; that as he is sensible of a monstrous

conflux

conflux of instant vices, his thoughts are calm, and pen but mild, to those fears he has of the next age, in danger to be orespread with the Superfetations of that Impiety, which will be too obdurate to feel the edge of a Satyr.

Sir all but your self will now expect large Encomiums to recommend you to the view of the multitude; But I aim sensible they stand but ready to devour you, and this I call you to patronize For your self, Sir, I averre not so much Jealousie over your inclinations to these vices, as Hopes that your life will be a fair copy of all Virtues, presents you to this place, to supply the draught I should haue added to them: and may your Auspicious beginnings continue me in acknowledgment of my defects and tenuity, deterring

terring my pen from entring on the Commendations will be your due. And for your Family, it is so illustrious, that I shall be taxed by those that would find nothing good in it, for daring to affix this Name to so mean a Front: and they will leave you in hast to come and revenge themselves upon me, if I cannot escape their stomach. However be pleased my wishes, and well wisht directions may be favourably interpreted by your Noble mind, and all of your truly noble qu lity.

And Sir, for your friend, pray wish him well also, now faln to be employ'd in such a publick Character; for you cannot tell what change he may not dare venture next in his life, (if you will with him suppose it of his Life, which every day changeth; not of himself and his vow'd constancy and

integrity)

integrity) *for there must, and will be found some so foolish, as not to fear the Printers nor Readers Press they are to pass, any more than others doe Matrimony: and there may be Fatality to be pleaded for that also; which to fear is the next way to the curse of continuing a Miserable Life, out of all hopes of a kind Reprieve of Death to cut the halter of our fears. And methinks I am now acting my own Departing; and have two words to say for my self before the last Farewel: wherein (Pardon the digression) I seem to represent many of those we have seen too much personating a publick (not to say republick) death, as if their deaths too were to be none of their own: not unlike to me they appear to the poor Widow, who went out to gather two sticks to pre-*

pare

pare a small cake, that they may at least dye with a good morsel in their mouths. But not to forget to leave off, though I doe it less formally: For first I will not supplicate your favour, no more than expect your thanks, for being prolix, but tell you my design is honest, and an effect of my Honour to your Name and Person. Next I know not how to intreat a good opinion or pardon of the Language, only assure you, I took what words I thought most full and near to my Conceptions; and I can sooner alter the natural Tone of my voice, to counterfeit any others, than chuse to fall into the Rectifiers or Body-makers hands, and suffer my Mind to be pinched and shaped into the constraint of anothers dress and Mode of expression. I shall but add, that

all

all of it is but a Christmas Letter: And you know we are allow'd our Masquerades, and longer festivous entertains of a Carnival; So as you will admit it over your threshold, when I tell you under the vizour in a whisper, That I am none other than Your very known Servant

January, 11th.
166⅞.

A DD

To t

Young

ENG

IN
trin
whi
ing
their faireſt C
whom is exp
honour of you
glory of the N
worthy your
by what gen
nown of our

AN ADDRESS To the Hopeful Young Gentry OF ENGLAND.

SINCE you are now entring upon those years, which entitle you the growing hopes of *England*, and their faireſt Care and Charge; from whom is expected the ſtrength and honour of your Age, the ſecurity and glory of the Nation: It cannot be unworthy your conſideration to Adviſe, by what generous means the old renown of our Anceſtors may be vindica-

ted from the threatned Evils of thoſe dangerous Vices, which, ſpringing up with the young Nobleſs of our Countrey, enervate their native vigor, deplume their Nobility; and in a viperous combination attempt to ſtrangle our *Hercules* in it's very infancy.

Your birth was in the midſt of buſie and tumultuous Times, wherein you may remember, and could not but obſerve ſome of the later grand cataſtrophes, in which part of your ſeveral families eminently acting, from the various engagings and ſucceſſes of thoſe your relations you ſtill received ſuitable Impreſſions on your green years; and in thoſe early days took in a large Map of the World in a ſmal Compaſs: You have ſeen enough in your ſphere to make you early commence Men, and furniſh you with notices beyond the reſearches of former Hiſtories. It deſerves to be reckoned among the effeminacies of mankind, that ſo many are found to complain of their peculiar infortunacy, to be caſt into ſuch a ſtirring and

and unquiet Age as we have lived in: Whereas an Heroic ſpirit and virtue eſteems it a proper exerciſe & teſt of it's worth, from ſo great revolutions acquiring withal a knowledge and experience of the admirable occurrences, we turn many years Chronicles to be acquainted with: there having met ſo rare and quick a conflux of ſignal mercies and judgments together, that we may judge them deſign'd by Providence, either to make the utmoſt experiment to reſuſcitate a lethargic people, and reſtore Spirits in the Compendium of Elyxirs: Or as the Stage is alway fulleſt and crowded with diſpatches at the winding up the Play, that the World it ſelf near a period, is to fill up it's ſhort duration with an Epitome of all the wonderful events of paſt Ages, if not laboring to exceed them all in delivery of a new world of Prodigies, e're it be made the greateſt by it's own conflagration.

But among all the unhappy Ones we have liv'd to ſee, none is ſo ſtupendous

as their unſucceſsfulneſs; That when an hand from high has been exerted in all the amazing Methods of Providence, we have clos'd our Eyes with a Malignant obſtinacy againſt the cleareſt evidencies and acknowledgments of a Deity; and been ſo miſerably incredulous as to dare the Divine Vengeance to farther proofs of it's Power and Wiſdom in our utter confuſion. Thus of old, *Veſuvius* could not ſatisfie ſome unreaſonable *Curioſos* but by their addition to it's fewel, or the difficulty of a receſs; whence they brought the ſcars and ſtigmas of their folly, who hoped to pry and wade through ſuch clouds of ſmoak and gulfs of Fire. You are therefore to contraſt with a ſtupidly opining Age, which, having forfeited the right uſe of it's Reaſon, will deſperatly expoſe all to the hazard, rather than ſeem to be without it; and ſtumbling at the plain, moſt familiar, and lucid Reſolves of Reaſon and Nature, will yet blindly aſſay to ranſack all their moſt abſtruſe treaſures, and diſcuſs the

Sacred

Sacred Mysteries Infinitely transcending either.

But the malice of this evil will assault you most dangerously, by corrupting all the sound Rules of Morality in your converse; and having conform'd your manners to the licentiousness it practises, you must be forc'd to espouse those principles which will patronize your exorbitancies. And this is a very insinuative debauching of the mind, a Conquest without the formalities of an attaque, which serve to alarm us against the Enemy. There are therefore of the most pernicious habits which our young Gallants Indulge, which seem to me the infallible prognosticks of their ruine, and the fate of the common Body; Against which I am to fortifie you, as those that by their very familiarity and obviousness are become more inimical and dangerous, gathering strength by not being oppos'd, and by our long desuetude from the contrary tenour of unquesti-on'd Virtue; which if you admit to

become the Arbitres of your Life and Conceptions, will render the various aſpects of every Age as pleaſant and uſeful to your ſteady and clear optics, as they are confuſive and unaccountable to all other ſpectators.

He that expects after a Deluge the ſame vernancy diſpoſition and order, the ſoil was before adorn'd with; may alſo hope the Inundations of war will aſſwage with the eaſie and ſilent progreſſions of Peace; and that the next Age will, without interruption, proſecute and perfect the deſigns only, of their quiet Grandfathers. How much of this is like truth, let us judge by what all former Times record, if our own be yet too near the ſeed time, and the next be to inherit the Crop. But this has as much truth as need be own'd; That if the Virtues of their progenitors be defaced by the ſucceeding audaciouſneſs of the ſword, their Vices however will never want foſtering by the next Generations: Hence what were but the expoſed

ſtoln

ſtoln off-ſpring of former years, are the Legitimacies of later; and we have no copy left ſo foul, which too ingeniouſly tranſcribing Vice do's not every day out-blur. You may therefore, if you will, owe the torrent of our enormities to the Time when nothing was unlawful; The Fountain is too deeply emboſom'd in our Natures, to lay ſo far off. But it is not impoſſible to trace it from it's earlieſt footſteps, and where it begins to ſpring into a ſtream; but that ſo ſullyed in the puddle it flows from, that you will conclude it to be rather one ditch and channel of mire. And it can be no other, that ſcarcely can be ſaid to riſe out of the lap of Sloath; On the Baſis whereof might Vice be fixed, it would raiſe it's Pillars, and even ſtop you here from farther enquiries after Honour and Glory, to ſleep out the remaining baleful minutes of Life in

IDLENESS,

The Capital of thoſe Indulgencies, that conſpire the delivery up of our hopeful Youth, bound hand and foot into the vaſſalage and torures of imperious Vice: the puniſhment of him who was bound to an heated Stag, that could neither command himſelf nor the ſwift Beaſt; but tyed and unactive, yet ran all the Stages of his Bearers excurſions, and was held faſt to all it's petulant vagaries: Such is the hurry of reſtleſs paſſions in the Idle Soul, through the many regions of Phanſie, and boundleſs Appetite; till it be tyr'd and fall down in ſome covert of obſcene darkneſs. The Idle perſon is the only common Hackney, and, having no employ of his own to work off Time and his faculties, ſtands ready to let out himſelf Poſt, on the eaſie rates of the next ſtirring device and lubency. A Play, a Ball, a Miſtreſs, a Glaſs of Wine engage his Soul

Soul as profoundly in contemplation of his dawning felicity, as the *Turks* Zeal is enspirited by their brutish paradise. But We compassionate these poor Infidels, whose knowledge is confin'd with the brandish'd Sword; and perhaps were ours forbidden on as penal curiosity, it would become more desirable. While though, we every day make bold plantations (how successfully I will not adjust) upon every Creek and Point of Philosophy, and outbid all Antiquity on the fair terms We proffer knowledge: to see the refined and most improvable part of our own land uncultivated, the Youth and strength of our Nation lay fallow, and only shoot forth into those spungy Mushroms and Wild-daisies, their soft-brain makes grow into it's entertainments; is enough to perswade us that true knowledge is as inaccessible as the Tree of Life, and that Our Age is most unfortunate to be debarr'd the proper scrutinies and direct approaches toward it. For certainly knowledge and

Wis-

Wiſdom it ſelf is ſtill the ſame pure and ſubtile concentration of light; It cannot as to it's real worth and luſtre be depretiated, and would alway deſerve the utmoſt inſudation, the beſt of our Oyl and Labor in it's acqueſt. It muſt be therefore the diſmal diſaſter of our time, that denies us all poſſibility of diſcovery, where this lucid Pyramid is erected, and how we may come under it's vital influences. Were we not thus loſt with the *Eden* we have loſt, without doubt we ſhould not be contented with our low and puerile attempts after it; But awake from our ſluggiſh velleities, vigorouſly to ſtring and ſtrain our minds, to work ſome other furnitnre for them, beſide Couches and Pallets; we would break open ſome way to let in the bright rays of Knowledge and Virtue, and not imagine we had lamps given us only to hang up againſt the wall, to drowze, or be penſively beſotted under them: while nothing but the Chimæra's, follies and ſhadows of a dream, haunt

haunt the thin Ghosts in their living Sepulchres, till these are commuted for a thicker, but not more heavy or useless Arch of Stone.

But to free us from the inchantments of this kind of dead-sleep, and excite us to a noble inquisition after Virtue and Science; let the whole World be convinc'd, that they are as accessible as immutable, nor do on any parts of the Universe vary their Compass, nor can be Retrograde on the Dial of any time. Our age is as freely irradiated with their beams, as with that benignity of the Sun, which ripened our Ancestors Cucumers, and now stripes and paints our Melons; 'tis our want alone of rising will not suffer us to see day. While beside Man (the lesser scheme of the Creation) the fairest portion of Mankind (I mean those of your degree) and the Soul of Man (it's noble Heaven-born inhabitant) nothing is found idle in nature. She is every where, and continually, pregnant with new labors, and productions: see how

how in the Vegetative World not a ſpire of Graſs creeps out of the Earth, but is elevating its head ſtill nearer to Heaven: In the Senſitive the choiceſt Animals receive our commands, and execute our drudgeries: That *Coloſs* of life, the Elephant has its underſtanding, ſtrength, and ſervice apportioned to its bulk; and among Inſects, the very Fly and Ant make a ſupplement to their cloſe dimenſions, in their wonderful agility and induſtry; by which they fill up an equal ſpace with vaſteſt bodies. In the fabric and conſtitution of Man, ſhe is ſtill buſied in accumulation of ſimilary, or exporting uſeleſs and diſcordant particles. Life it ſelf ſeems to be but the reſult, and harmony of an even-flowing motion; and that *Automaton* which keeps pace with every ſtep of time, ſtriking all its own minuteſt and remoteſt wheels with a regular ſaliency, tells us lowdly by the pulſe againſt the pillow, that we were not born to ſlumber away our haſty time and life; which hold more of a Race than walk

walk in their motion and tendency to their laſt pawſe and reſt. Nor does Nature with ſo much exactneſs elaborate and exalt the ſpirits in the body, inſtantly to put off and loſe their name and nature, by being blended and periſhing in an inſipid *Caput mortuum*; or as if they were ſo curiouſly contriv'd and deſign'd, only to officiate in that ſcul, once Head of the *Roman* Empire; which rival'd *Jove*, but ſtoop'd below his very Eagle when turn'd into the device of a *Moſt Auguſt Fly-Trap*.

Can you have leiſure to admire enough at that impertinency, which would ſummon the utmoſt skill and conſort of Muſic to play his Dormouſe aſleep? or would to Oriental Bezoar and Ambar diſſolve Gold and Pearl, to maintain a Mole? To no higher archievements ſerve the fair Titles, Revenues, and Complexions of a great part of Mankind; beſide theſe, nothing is intelligible about them, nor can more be ſaid of them: ſo near to nothing do they ſhrink, whoſe ſouls languiſh

guiſh under the irreparable decays of tabific inactivity; or are broken with pitiful low and ſordid lubencies of idle entertainments; wholly ſuperſeding thoſe brave actions, ſublime and profitable ſpeculations, which would infuſe the life of men into them, and render them, off Men, immortal. Thus their Heroic Progenitors traced Virtue and Honour, through all its intricate and dangerous mazes; and this was the aſcent they made to that high ſerenenes, where every Pearl of their Coronets was ſtellified: And this only high-way to Happineſs is ſtill as open, and more delightful than you imagine the common deſcent to *Avernus*. And indeed it can be no other than the very dregs of Idleneſs that can ſink the ſpirit (or may I not rather ſay, the Sediment of a ſoul?) below all handſome action, in ſuch an age as we live, which pretends to ſuch extraordinary Knowledge and Politeneſs; however muſt be moſt famous for thoſe Grand Actions to be enroll'd in it, wherein Poſterity will

imagine

imagine none could be born but to ſome laborious part.

Had we the generoſity which did alway breath with *Engliſh* ſpirits, it would be ſo far from being extinguiſh'd in ignoble ſilence, and limited to the narrow ſtage of our own Iland, that it would break forth and diſplay its valour through all parts of the habitable Earth. Have we no *Meſſieurs de Villa, Fevillade*, or St. *Mont-brun* kindled with the ſparks of honor, that will flie to the ſuccors of that Chriſtian Gatriſon (before whoſe walls more blood has been ſhed, than would ſerve for Cement to a far greater City) rather than expire at home, as unknown as their Tombs will be to the *Candiots*! Certainly That place is now the faireſt Field of Honor, which has ſo long been the Chriſtians ſtrongeſt ſhield (under their great Captain and Prince) againſt Infidels, and it will be worthy learning with how vaſt expenſe of Treaſure, and prodigality of Lives, they ſtudy to defend their dearer Country. And

in

in the long ſtory of that ſingle Siege you will read all the old admired *Roman* Courage, Conduct, and Felicity; which will be ſo ſignaliz'd to after times, that our lateſt Nephews will take a Voyage only to viſit its venerable ruines; wherein are now incloſed thoſe gallant Souls, that have ſhaken off the ſoftneſs, and ſtupifying pleaſures of Eaſe, with the grim terrors of Death, to ſacrifice all in ſo glorious a Quarrel, and for the common ſecurity. Can we lie immerſed in wanton Idleneſs, when Chriſtianity is concerned for her battered Bulwarks, that ſuffer again the Siege of *Rhodes* more nearly; and that in ſuch ſanguinary Scenes and Tragedies, as the very naming them will fright the young Gallants out of the Pit?

Where being brought by my diſcourſe, I do not much admire to ſee the Theatres crowded with our Idle Spectators; the hours here ſpent are a tolerable exemption from lewder diverſions, and with ſome obtain the credit

credit of a School discipline, periodic Lectures, and Academic exercitations; which teach as much gravity and experience, as they think can amount to necessary aphorisms, to regulate their own lives by, and be diagnostic of all others. I may not envy the Dramatic Ingenioso's the Empire they here sway over Wit, nor the Models they give of the world, and the delectable variety, in which they serve up the humors that are abroad: May the Stage never want a florid Laureat to Chastize predominant Vices, and troublesome Follies; but so prudently and industriously, that they may no longer be fear'd to teach them. But I could wish our Nobless would here alway admit the but necessary ceremony of a Taster; that they may have its salubriousness approv'd, before it take possession of their Stomach, and it prove too late for an Antidote. But supposing the Stage less dangerous and nauseous than some Pulpits; and that every day brought forth a work as consummat a

Father *Ben's*: Yet I would advize them againſt their common frequenting Plays, if I took it not as an eviction, that they knew no more congruous advancement of their Noble faculties; and were burthened with too long and empty parentheſes of Time. For, I conceive, whoever tranſmits his affections to be wrought on by every fiction the Poet engages them in, ſhall in a little time ceaſe to be Maſter over them, and they will be at the command of every paſſionate Romantique: Or they will be ſo broken or extirpated, wholly by ſuch continued and violent efforts, that they will altogether be unſerviceable, if he loſe not all the due ſentiments of Nature: Either of which extreme is ſo palpable an imbecillity of mind, as need not be pointed at, for it too eaſily betrays it ſelf in dayly converſe? Greater inconveniences you may hear continually nurs'd up at the Stage, and fear worſe; unleſs it be judiciouſly purg'd and refin'd.

But indeed what place, time, and occaſion

casion is not poison'd in a dead Sea of Idleness, though they be never so free and innocent in their own disposition? Virtue and Generosity it self coming but neer it, though but in a volatile thought or Action, is suddenly suffocated with the noysome exhalations of this almost Stygian lake. I have heard in a very serene Oratory affirmed; that two parts of three, that are now sentenc'd under unquenchable flames, had those first kindled here on earth, in the fire of their burning and impure lust. However, it is scarce dubitable, that all those miserable Souls, now filling up the regions of darkness, did first fit and adopt themselves to that state, by contracting a supine torpor and negligence of Spirit: For without controversie, idleness lets in upon the Soul all the inundation of Vice, and is that unhappy plot oregrown with every weed and noxious burthen of the Earth; so that as some Gardens are a collection of the choycest and most useful Plants, this becomes a seminary of

all the horrid excreſcencies can grow out of a Dunghill.

We indeed ſee ſome of active lives and full of buſineſſe fall into exorbitancies of as diſmal effects, as can be the off-ſpring of the dulleſt brain and hours: But you may not ſurmiſe this the genuine birth of any honorable or neceſſary employ. Thoſe publick ſpirits were to be commiſerated more than they who offered their lives as their Countries Victims of old, if there were any fatal connexion of Vice with their Offices; which are conſecrated as the very Rewards and Aſylums of Virtue, and are ſo many Thrones on which ſhe may diſplay and diſpenſe her Soveraign dignity and influences. No, I muſt believe any vices nouriſht under their protection to be the ſcrofulæ, and luxuriant impetigos of fowl humors. They will prove the diſeaſe of the perſon not the office; and entrench ſo much upon the borders of Idleneſs, that you will entertain the greater indignation againſt that evill, which can

prevail

prevail upon the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt conſtitutions. For I grant that perſon to be fal'n beſide his buſineſſe, and to have quitted his own Station; that is at leiſure to contrive and perſue his private ſtratagems of ambition, avarice and malice. This is a degeneracy and corruption growing upon the Soul, by a vacation from his proper intendments of Time and Labor: while inſtead of his attendance on the ſteerage of the common Veſſel, the man is ſo idle as to row forth his own Cock-boat for ſhells and pebbles. But whatever ſmaller and juſtifiable gratifications are here to be glean'd up, their Country would add their bleſſing to the heap, might it encourage every one nobly endowed to adapt himſelf and fortunes for the honor and ſervice of the Publick. But let this Idleneſſe never bear the impudence to ſteal upon an honorable preſence, it being as indecorous, as to ſee a rude clown cover'd near the Chair of State. And what diſtance that was to obſerve at Court, the very

proud and barbarous Turkiſh Sultans in their profeſſion and skill of ſome mechanic art ſtill teach us; and we may better learn from our late Glorious Soveraigns Royal mouth, that He thought He could earn a Livelyhood were he ſo low reduc'd by any Trade he knew of, but making of Hangings: his Clemency will allow you the alluſion to any fair ſence of the word: and his conſtant inſtructions to the Nobleſs craving his permiſſion to travail, had this alway inſerted, to keep the beſt Company, and never be idle. May it therefore by ſo canonized an example be baniſht all Societies, as that which wherever it comes is ſure to ſhut the man out of doors; For 'tis the man of buſineſſe gives denomination and life to the world: And many an Age will be buried in oblivion, as ſilently as if it had loſt an entire ſucceſſion of mankind, and all that was worthy recording.

Idleneſs may it once be expell'd; I dare promiſe we ſhall obviate two calamities

lamities, which become our mortal afflictions, and almoſt immortal complaints; Our unreaſonable diſſatisfactions, and decay of Trade. Idle people and ſuch as have none of their own create buſineſſe for all about them; and their proper concerns being trivial or diſcarded, thoſe of others to their unexerciſed apprehenſions appear ſtrange and difficult: Hence Curioſity (the idle mans Mephoſtophilus) poſts through the air to catch intelligence, and adviſo's upon the ſeveral emergencies, being ſure to meet ſome looſe diſpatches, out of what quarter ſoever the wind does but breath. Theſe ſtill conjure up new perplexities, freſh and fantaſtique conjectures, which firſt creep forth in whiſpers and night-diſcoveries, then more boldly come abroad, and ſtand the cenſures of their full Burnt-to-water Conventions, or higher Club-Aſſemblies; if in private affairs, they are inſolent and diſguſtful; if on publick, their interpolate Jealouſies, and wildly wiſe Apothegms eve-

ry where bring in growing diſcontents and murmurings: not without a miracle indeed can it be expected, any thing ſhould pleaſe and ſatisfie them abroad, who never knew the Art to make content within, and at home. But if this ubiquitary medling ſeem to abſolve theſe kind of perſons from Idleneſs, and they will hence be thought as active in the Intelligencies of the ſpheres, and the only they that keep all in motion; Thoſe that know what harmony is requir'd to a motion regular, and how ſure a ſtop the leaſt duſt and check will cauſe in a fine contrived piece of work, will wiſh them quiet, and uninterrupted reſt, may but the buſineſſe of the ſober and induſtrious part of mankind be removed out of their troubleſome Orb. And as to our increaſe in Riches, when every hand and brain promote and incourage a proſperous diligence; None are found ſo idle as to queſtion it, though ſo d ſobliging and unworthy of their native Country, as to ſtigmatize and empoveriſh it with

their

their ſloth. For ſenſible will be the decays of that body, from which you ſubſtract nouriſhment and exerciſe; the latter whereof mends all the defaults of the former, ſtirrs up a kindly warmth, facilitates digeſtion, diſcuſſes excrementitious humors, purifies and exhilirates the depreſſed ſpirits. But no more need be added on this tenacious ſubject, than that if your years and quality could get above the droſs and dregs of idleneſſe, ſo as to lay out your ſelves vigilantly in the ſervice your Generation calls you unto, and may expect of you, if Idleneſſe be exploded; We ſhall have leſſe news and more money ſtirring.

Having beheld the Soul under this cloſe and obſcure incubation; Let us view the brood hatched by ignorance and Folly: and the earlieſt we meet up, is

PRIDE,

PRIDE,

Breaking thorough the thick ſhel; which, haſting to be the firſt diſplaying its gay Plumes abroad, forgets how much of its nakedneſſe is expoſed, and that it owes all its pomp to a borrowed Gawdineſs. Man enters the world bare and unarm'd, all other creatures growing into their furrs, ſhels, barks, down-quilts and ſcaly Coats of Mail; each of which has as much of defenſe as ornament: Yet none of theſe but willingly bequeath their ſpoyls, to rob man of his poor Pride, who cannot ſo much as ſhrowd himſelf from the injuries of the air but in ſome of their liveries. Yet who but computes the Drapery which curious invention has ſpun us out of all the parts of the inferiour creation; ſome from its very bowels as fine drawn as the web of *Arachne*, the loom-work of the Brain, and the very net of love it ſelf; and conſiders withall how many operoſe preparations

ons, various interweavings and mistures of diff'ring elements meet in the meaneſt ſhreds of our Wardrobe; muſt neceſſarily infer that the whole ſtudies of man were to beguile the Creatures of their deſigne; as if he ſcorn'd to be indebted to them, for what they can never diſtinguiſh again, to have been their old caſt cloaths; Or as if he intended in his very attire (not contented with the covering of any ſingle Animal) to ſtitch together another Epitome of the Creation for his outſide alſo; and, in the far diſtant growth of his gorgeous apparel, would array himſelf daily with a new map of Geography.

But all this pageantry covers not the miſerable inſide, but like the ragged embroidery of a Beggars patches, confeſſ.s the wretched poverty within; the poor mind neither knowing it ſelf, nor any thing beſide it ſelf, from either of which it would learn humility. But Pride is the ſpawn of Idleneſſe, and the foam of Ignorance: Where ever

you

you meet her, give her rather your hat than your tongue; for it is unreaſonable you ſhould reverence her in any other dialect than that ſhe wears, and you will otherwiſe run the hazard of being underſtood. Is it not a ſplenetic divertiſement to behold two Gallants as formally rigged forth, as *London*, *Amſterdam*, or *Venice* can equip them, attaquing each other with a full bearing up to the ſalute, ſometime veiling down every inch of their ſails, ſtreaming out all their looſe colours, and pendents, and ſuddainly cloſing with whole Broadſides of embraces? while not a word attends the Ceremony, (which is like the great *Czars* dump repreſentative of a ſage Council) and they come off perhaps with a furled cuff, a ſilken rope ſlack'd, or a curle unpitch'd (I mean ungumm'd, or ungreas'd) This you may call the School of Antiques, a very variation of Poſtures, a Tryal of Agility, and ſuch a mute compariſon of empty Noddles, as we make of Bottles by oft

oft and quick ſhaking them.

And this is the ſtately outſide and high raiz'd Front of Pride: which content your ſelf to have thus ſuperficially ſeen, if you will not reſt here but enter further, look for no reception or refreſhment within, there are no commodious rooms contriv'd to that intent; for this is a pile wholly lo tyſied into Garrets, and they either empty or the Frippery of all Traſh and Lumber: but here moſt of the world chuſe to dwell, as where they can beſt overlook themſelves, as well as their vicinage.

I may give Pride the Title (or ſhe will take it) of Heir apparent in the maſculine, to the greateſt portion of their Time and Care. With the other ſex let her be advanc'd for their Mirrour, that which flatters them even out of themſelves into a kind of fond Apotheoſis: You muſt no longer read there fleſh and bloud no, the eys the lips and breath, are the very portals of the radiant *Apollo*, the heavenly bluſh-

es

es of *Aurora*, and the fragrant incenſe that muſt appeaſe ſome ſuch Deity. Thus Youth and Beauty in either Sex, kindled by a conſtant reflexion of its own beams, and having no other fair object to attract it powerfully and virtuouſly, glows with a burning ſelf-complacency, till a rapid Zeale of Pride ſnatch the conceits of themſelves beyond the terms of mortality, and they deem they ſenſibly change regions, and ſtep into a deifying naturalization, ſo that you may no more expect a converſe with them that ſavors of humanity: all the reſt of mankind are to be treated by them as their vaſſals and creatures, and their very words muſt be thought to ſound more then man. And that they may command this devotion and maintain a juſt adoration, they appear not without the pomp and ſplendor which are worſhipped in the Images of Saints and upon ſhrines and altars, that do not oblige vulgar veneration, unleſs embelliſhed with ſumptuous ornaments, and

and glittering oblations: In such a mantle of Gold they will imitate Jove, and conceive they have no imperfections, which these ductile leaves do not gloriously hide and heal.

Thus Pride sacrificeth to her self, not only with the grosser material treasures and riches imploy'd in her service, but with the refined odors that rise from her own perfumed delights with her self, and the high conceiv'd pleasure in her own felicities. But can the rough bush of a quick-set haire fence off all frigidity from the Brain, and shelter the tender *Pia mater* from scratches? Do's a bespangled Vest cast a greater heat and blaze on the hearth of the Breast? To what then, serve the exquisite study and profusions lavish'd out on our dressing? some *Valet de Chambre*, Player or Common woman, shall surpass your bravery when you have born the patience of the nicest accoutrement. Believe it, the Art you bestow and Value you set upon your dress and habit, lay more

open

open the uglineſſe, poverty and ſickneſſe of your Soul, and ſhew that firſt needed *fucus* and Emplaiſters to palliate your inward ſores and defects.

But our Otioſo's here plead the indiſpenſable morality, and that they are hound to the ſtricteſt obſervances of the Faſhion; than which word none can breath more infection, nothing appear in a better mode and more ſure to captivate and deſtroy us: As what allows us neither conſtancy in our preſent fluctuancie's, nor any fair calculation of hopes for futurity, if it muſt be omnipotent then alſo: It can introduce the moſt fanatique Metamorphoſes of our ſelves, and patronize all the Caprichio's of the famous Shrew-Tamer. To inſtance but in one aſſimilative attraction in its very Capillaries, no leſs remarkable than that which is perfective of nature: Obſerve how faſhion has prevail'd againſt nature to Perruque all complexions with the faireſt hair; where many muſt be wholly drown'd, as the *Portugnez*,

Amo-

Amorettaes at *Goa* their *Negro* women, whom they dresse up all in white, to make up their admired Beauty of a Fly in milk. But as this shades and destroys the distinctions and native features of each face, it may unluckily be brought to confound all distinctions of birth too, by supposing those many indiscriminated (not to say unknown) Heads to have had but one common Parent; At least that this connatural similitude links them all under the same Hereditary Crasiness of the Brain.

How predominantly successful is this Supreme Legislative Fashion? Laws, Examples, Rewards, Punishments cannot enforce an Uniformity in any other Medium; while she alone translates and alters the world at pleasure, making it solicitous to obey her, deriving her Formulaires and scanty Præscripts to it, with the same Authority the *Medes* and *Parthians* sealed up their Laws, and that alone in that these are most alterable.

But I am not at leaſure to give longer attendance on Pride, who I doubt will diſdain to have its meaſures alſo taken by a countrey hand: Without a Complement I aſſure her, I admire her inconceivable pleaſure and ſelf opinion on which ſhe lives; as much as I ſhould have done *Regiomontanus* his Fly, if he could have ſhut up life as well as motion in ſo narrow room. For to ſee a Gallant flutter and buzze, with no other wings than his Taylor has imp'd on, to ſtrut like a dancing Mr. to ſpeak by determined and unaccountable motions and ſprings, and nothing to be ſignificant without a multi-ſcrewing body; can I look upon him to be other than a fine articulate Engine, a Counterfeit of Man, and the larger ingredients of ſome Puzzionello? And thus taken in pieces you ſee the ſtuffing and crutches, Pride ſwells and ſtalks on. But what eſteem wiſe and ſober men ballaſt themſelves with, you can take from the true knowledge and ſtudy of

of your ſelves only, to make your own ſufficient inſtruction and ſupport: Where you will ſoon learn the ennobling of the mind to be the moſt perfect accompliſhing of the man; which, by its fairer acceſſions of virtue and wiſedome, debaſeth the inferior gratifications and mistaken opinions of its own Dignity; to keep it ſelf up with an equal moderation, and magnanimity too great to ſtoop to any Vice; eſpecially the depravations of Pride, in the effeminacies I have branded of thoſe perſons, whoſe higheſt attainments are the dear purchaſe, moſt accurate oſtentation, and tranſcendent Vanity of their Attire.

That *Hero*, who is a Denizon of the Univerſe, no where deveſts himſelf of his invariable habit of Virtue; which, as the richeſt, warmeſt, eaſieſt, and immaculate, can never be worn out of Faſhion.

That Pride, which grows out of pregnant faculties and ample improvements of Time and Parts, is ſo far

from falling nnder our cenſure here; that we may rather applaud and promote it; that it may retain its indignation and juſt contempt of theſe inſignificant Poppets and Mormoes; whoſe ſouls, bodies, and cloaths ſeem to be but one Compoſition; and as if they were all taken up at the ſame ſhop and artificially bombaſted and compacted to ſuſtain a burthen of wealth, and fairly turn it ſelf to all the Arreſts of brutiſh ſenſuality. Of this nobler and more ſubſtantial baſis of Pride let this though be here ſaid, and conſidered with all the weight of ſerioufneſſe: That their brave ſpirits will bear an higher flight, and there is yet above them a pleaſure as ſatisfactory and durable, as this of their high-born Pride is certainly moſt jejune, and no leſs low and tranſient.

But the Epicure muſt be ſerv'd in the next place to Pride: and

INTEMPERANCE,

INTEMPERANCE,

Is usually willing to yield unto her precedence, but on good provision to be made for its Appetite immediately to succeed. For it well relisheth the Genius of the Marcese in their reception of Messire, and this Honorific Titles return, in discovering to them the rare preparation of the leaf of a Swine. So low a rate has been set upon the Man, since the faireſt part of his Character is, that he eats and drinks well, and knows good food, nothing better. As if the soul of the Glutton were bestowed upon him only to be a Catereſſe to his carcaſſe, and see the larder of the stomach be not unfurnisht: Nay, it often has no higher office than of a Cook, and feasts it self with the skill to provoke, as well as allay Hunger and Thirst. What *Adepti* are those admired to be, who can discourse learnedly on a studied dish, can anotomize it dextrously, shew you what con-

trary qualities meet in its temperament, give you all the criticiſms, and analize the various Guſtoes of meats and liquors? To have the preſence of ſuch a Vertuoſo is the beſt countenance you can give your Treat, and your Friend; you may be ſure in his company you ſupp'd in *Apollo*: Such a mans palat and Face (for there you may taſt his aſſay) are as cautiouſly obſerv'd by the whole Table, as if they were under his preſcriptions for diet; and as neceſſary as the previous infuſion of the Unicorns horn to the patient Herd. His frown is as fatal to the Cook as the Judges on the Bench, and ſcorcheth all he ſends up worſe than at the rack. This man needs not *Philoxenus* his wiſh, for whatſoever is born down the ſwallow of any at the board, I may ſay, he has the pleaſure of its guſt; for it becomes Manna to all the Gueſts by yielding the taſt he put upon it, and he may eaſily be underſtood to have the volupe of his Palat extended in all theirs.

Seems

Seems not this to be the inſtinct of a gallant and acute ſoul? is not this a Guſto raiſed and fitted alone for *Ambroſia* and *Nepenthe*? Yes certainly. And you may believe ſuch choice Viands will yield a concoction of Spirits, that cannot but colonize the brain with moſt defæcate and noble Conceptions. For they farſe themſelves with the moſt exquiſite delicacies, as if neither their bodies were caſt in the mould of Earth, nor their regalioes but the various-form'd figures of the duſt they raiſe, nor the ſpirits from them other than the brood which other Animals generate out of the graſs we trample on. But in truth do they not by their exceſs and high feeding oppreſs the brain, and ſuffocate its operations with fuliginous ſteams from the kitchin, obſtructing the fine chanels and pipes, which ſhould tranſmit the finer and nimble ſpirits to all their ſtages, and for all their admirable diſpatches and functions; while the redundancy of dull pituitous moiſture

unſtrings, and intercepts their vigorous tenſion, and ſenſation?

No, they are phlegmatic ſouls who think a load of dainties enrich this ſoil with any other product than what we caſt out, and ſpread upon the common. The mind is that dry and clear light, maintain'd in its Vigils by an even, conſtant, and moderate confluence of pure and innocent Spirits: You drown it by powring in too much (though never ſo rich) Liquor; if you impregnate its oyl with too fat and droſſy a Sulphur, it ſends forth as noyſom ſtenches as *Vulcan's* Cave, and is orecaſt with an encircling ſhadow: if you fret it with acid and ſaline particles, how diſturbed is its flame and offenſive with continual crackling exploſions of thoſe buſie bodies? While the poor ſoul ſtarves for want of its mean and kindly repaſt: The pamper'd body too, ſurcharg'd with crudities, or an overgrown ſtock of fleſh, becomes its own unweildy impediment (needing

ſome

some Engine, like the Chariot the *Indians* annex to their sheep, to bear up thei: monstrous train of Tail) & not seldome is it an Hospital of diseases, and its own House of correction too.

Into an unshapen bulk have we seen many extended, whose parts are as useless to them as if growing in another Countrey; like the unvisited rooms of some great Houses (so little the care and concern of the family) that Vermin have come to nestle and burrough in the wide tenements of their Flesh. And truly they must of necessity devize some proportionable accretion and enlargement of their Soul, if they would have all their apartiments and needless superstructures well tenanted and kept in constant repair. But the direct contrary is their ruine; for they appear with so little of the presence of a Spirit animating them, that what they have of life is like that to be seen on the bodies of Witches in their extasies; where the soul is withdrawn into

into the moſt cloſe and ſilent receſs, (the ſtate of the voluptuous *Egyptian Calyphs* of old) while they dawb up the pores and outward chinks, to make the retiring room more dark and warm, and guard the paſſes againſt foreign invaſions. The ſoul is in ſo little eaſe in theſe additional out-jettings, and looſer edifices; that immuring a larger compaſs of ground, it is but more labyrinthally and ſecurely impriſoned. So ſome number of the world are buried under the curſe of their much building, and not a few maſters famiſh'd to keep their beaſts luſty: by the inverted divine admonition to fortifie the inward man upon the ruines of the outward.

But our *Apitii* ſcorn to have their enjoyments ſtreightned, though more ſafely enſconced; they muſt every day rove abroad to fetch in ſacrifices to their *Oeſophagus*, and lowdly ſolennize the feſtivals of *Comus*, crown'd with freſh chaplets of Ivy and Myrtles: offering up the moſt delicious morſels

the

the world has in ſtore, in their Latitudinarian Targets of *Minerva*; as if ſhe were here to be again born out of the variety of far-fetch'd brains, and Tongues: with no leſs libations of the *Falernian* grape, in their lofty ſurveying *Tricongio* Goblets. By the full draughts they quaff off in the nobleſt bloud of the Vine you would gueſs they deſigned to imitate *Jove* and *Mercury*, and having fil'd a bottle of an whole Oxe hide (once the Continent of a City) with this cæleſtial Liquor, would with equal advantage and authority, conſtellate it into an Æthereal Urinal. Or if *Orion* may not owe his riſe from ſo low ſprings, you would conceive they had new caſt themſelves into humane alembicks, from whom nothing leſs then Spirits of Wines ſhould be extracted; and from the ſame copious and rich luxury of meats they prey upon, that ſome Chymiſt had dearly purchas'd their more terrene excrements, out of them to exalt his Occi-

dental

cidental zibeth. So laborioufly does Gluttony plough up land and ſeas; and prohibit the free and open refuges of the enſnared Air; to ſerve up that plenty to our ſurfeited Tables, which is in its ſecond courſe muſt be exonerated at the Eſquiline port. This and the Vrinary evacuate thoſe Oceans of voluptuouſneſſe, and mountains of wealth, out of which you cannot on the neareſt reſearch derive and gain one leaſt grain of Profit, or the ſmaleſt drop of remaining pleaſure. There in corruption they all periſh; where man himſelf muſt at laſt alight from his Journey, to caſt up the total of his expenſes, in the ſhort concluſion of Vanity and Vexation.

We need no more admire the cup of *Circe*, and the fictitious mutatious Poets have licenced: they relate men turn'd into ordinarily known Beaſts: but we every day ſee a new ſpecies of brutes, as cruel as monſtrous, engendred in our luxuries; which were I to digeſt into one collection, you would

would see a stranger Pyramid and larger than great Abbes's erected in his Capital City of *Persia*; you might also phansie every dish, and glass of wine, productive of a different kind of Animals. But what rubricks the nefariousness of our Times, is to be drawn from drunkenness, which draws more swords and blood of our Nation in one year, than any one battail spends in the same compass of time; The sanguine quarrels of our Compotations, like the famous set of Teeth, whence so many armed Champions grew, divide the Bravoes, and their interests, into new and sober contests, and spring up into a warlike harvest of factions and Duels. For we continually see these intemperancies creating more Enemies, than good nature (to which none more pretend) can make Friends, and the strongest fidelity shipwrackt and split in a small glasse of wine drank or refused.

But

But beſide this dangerous Service, wherein a man ventures his life as cheaply and commonly, as a poor Souldier that for ſix-pence the day ſtands in the breach, and tempts every ſhot; there is a ſecret poiſon envenoms this Good-fellowſhip, a ſting that makes a breach in a mans boſom, beyond his skill ever to compoſe, and reconcile with a perfect cure. Wine for the moſt part eludes the Guards every man ought to have upon his own breaſt, and breaks open the locks of all his Conclave and Cabinet Secrets: He is then like a Veſſel full of Leaks, and the Liquor waſheth all before it: if he have any infirmity of mind or latent Vice, this empties and diſgorgeth all: he ſhall need no other Indictment than his own treacherous evidence, and impotent folly; which the moſt ſober of his proteſts and retractations ſhall never expunge. Should another be private to the confident truſt and affection ſome One repoſes in his deareſt Friend, to whom he emboſomes his whole-

whole-self; should he break in upon the free Caresses and Amours of the Conjugal Bed, about which the Night has drawn a second and modest Curtain; should he hear his open Confessions to Heaven of all his baseness, and and unworthy abuse of infinite condescentions: As soon as this person who thought himself in the dark shall find himself exposed and betrayed, I cannot imagine but his indignation will be all thought too little to torment himself alone, without regard of any other Traitor. And I am confident, were Windows thus made into our hearts and actions, Man would so far hate converse, as rather to seek the most solitary and dismal Wilderness; Nay, knowing his own misery by the view he would not have had of it, but from others prying examinations, He would even flie his own shadow, and study how he might run from and avoyd himself, as the only derided and insulted on by all the rest of the world.

The

The more noted diſguiſes Ebriety put's upon men; with the detriment, mind, Body, and Eſtate ſuffer by the irrevocable lapſes of them all: The moſt ſottiſh of thoſe, who moſt ſtudy to amuſe their own heavy hours, thoughts, and company with the condiment and fallacy of Wine, yet cannot meaſure it out, but with the many obſervations from their own acquaintance they miſs at the Club, and remembrance of their former jovialties together. I therefore induſtriouſly diſmiſs them, having but inſinuated the height of Paſſion it inflames, and ſometimes feeds with blood, and the life of Amity it ſelf; with that exulcerate feebleneſs of reaſon, which by an impotent teneſmus betrays the infirmities of thoſe, we almoſt Idoliz'd, to ſcorn and hatred.

Thoſe who indulge Gluttonous voracity fare no better, by exchanging ſanity of mind and Body for the corruption of both; the former in many, ſcarce owning the preſervative quality of being a living pickle to the latter.

Not

Not *Cleopatra's* diſſolv'd Union, the Spicery of *Arabia*, with the genuine Balſam and skil of the *Egyptian* Embalmers, can long keep thoſe bowels from putrefaction, which we ſo ſolicitouſly pamper: Theſe being the very firſt conceive it, on the diſſociation of ſoul and body. Methinks thoſe very Fingers with which we carry our dainties to our Palate, that with our Rings bear the Sepulchral heads of ſome of our former familiarity, ſhould indigitate to us a Lecture of our own mortality, and tell us, we all the while feed our animated *Sarcophagi*. I ſhall not determine whether Fire or Earth be the moſt faithful Heirs, Aſſigns, and repoſitories of our Reliques; for perhaps every Tomb may encloſe in it a ſelf-ſubſiſtent lamp, as the Heart alive enjoys it's vital flame, and the Spirits render the whole body luminous, as well as pervious, till Death breaks open, and let's out the light. But I am ſure our Glutton gormandizes, as if he would make his Friends their laſt

Treat of his own Corps; and, that in which has liv'd to devoure ſo many Thanks giving meals, ſerve them up a bill of Fare equal to the Princelike Arch-Biſhop of *Yorks* Inauguration Feaſt; and with the ſame courteſie inſtal himſelf in the kind graves and Monuments of his laſt Officious Friends ſurviving Stomachs.

From the good chear and wine, that has diſpos'd our Gallant to the embrace of any near hovering and baſer Form, we moſt uſually trace him to the lap of his *Venus*: the little buſie *Cupids* of

LUST

Dancing about in the looſe Air, inſtantly gliding into poſſeſſion of his mind; where all the weak characters of Virtue and ſobriety are waſht out, to make a Table fair enough to render any Vice more legible that ſhall be firſt impreſſ'd in it. The Cittadel of the Heart thus unmann'd, is

is easily surpriz'd and garrison'd with a miserable woman; Who never thinks the Victory absolute and secure till she have demolisht all the Fortifications of his reason and modesty, triumph'd over his cap iv'd tame passions, and raised in it a Mosque to the blind God of Love. Here you see another *Cytherea* born out of the despumations of our Seas of Wine, with this only difference, she is not naked, but appears more formidably arm'd to conquer man than *Jove* and *Neptune*, with their Thunder and Trident. Upon this Ocean you may certainly fear the incursions of this famous Rover, whom I may call a woman of warr (with no greater solæcism than that, which gives the feminine gender in ordinary discourse of a man of War) dresst only with slight tackling, and wary concealments drawn over her shot, to amuse you; or make a more speedy chace after you when flying from her: Her lading is not worth reprizal whatever damage she

has done you: Her veſſel ſuffers not by ſtorms or repeated wrecks; nor can you any way direct a ſhot to ſink it; ſhe only ſuffers by Fire, and carrying ſo prodigious ſtore of Ammunition is to be blown up not boarded.

Let me eſſay to give you ſome ſuch Character of *Venus*, (if any be to be taken of her, pozing us with her Protean diſguizes, not perfections) and directions in your obnoxiouſneſs, by which you may avoid the dangerous incantations of theſe Syrens. That which firſt betrays us is the ſuppoſed Beauty we drink greedily in at our ſtartled eies, if not join'd with the heats of ſome too kind and cloſe ſalutes: and how deſperate madneſs is it, when the heart is the Mine of ſo combuſtible Luſt, to ſuffer the looſe *globuli* of powder catch fire at the eies and lips, which with the twinkling of an eye ſpring the incendiary Train to the magazine of its Wildfire? But indeed we are here fairly cheated in our purſuits and reveries to ſingle beauty;

We

We admire that for Orient, ſweet, and perfectly ſymmetriz'd, which is but the tincture and odor ſhe borrows every morning from the Cloſet, and the Tailors ingenious farcings: For when ſhe is dreſt, ſo little a part ſhe is then of her ſelf, as is the ſmall Chappel of the *Lauretan* Lady, under the great and rich cover they have cloath'd it withall: and indeed a Woman undreſt to her ſelf dreſt, is like a Cottage to a Palace; Dreſſing is a Womans Art of Architecture, and the extraordinary niceneſs and expenſes thereof the Curſe and diſeaſe of too much Riches.

But ſuppoſing a face as lovely as ever you ador'd in a dream, or can phancy without the help of one; This complexion is but vaniſhing and skin deep. Sickneſs, Grief, or Age make as heavy devaſtations on it, as the barbarous Tartars can doe, in their inroads to a flouriſhing Country: Raiſe up but the skarfe skin which covers this fine mould, and you never

beheld a more ruefull object: Or conceive it as the admired frontiſpiece of an excellent Fabrick, and but conſider what is done within, how theſe fair embelliſhments are but neat contriv'd emunctories to the Brain; and you muſt think of ſomething loathſome alſo. 'Tis your own phancy feaſts it ſelf with the perfections it has created to worſhip; So prompt and cunning it is to cook up a known and ordinary entertainment, into new and delicious blandiſhments. But if you are not to be out of conceit with the face, conſider what manner of deformed Inhabitant inſpirits this Beauty; and that a monſtrous ſoul in an illuſtrious caſe, needs your compaſſion on the inconveniency which is greater than that *Galba* paid rent for; Nay it requires your utmoſt vigilancy too: for this Creature feeds on poyſons, and kills with her looks and breath. For to ſuppoſe all muſt be fair within, becauſe of this ſpecious ſuperficies, and that a ſweet countenance neceſſarily dul-

cifies

cifies and clarifies the ſoul; is to place the Lanthorn of *Judas*, and adore it among ſacred Reliques, becauſe it lighted the Traitor to the prodition of our Bleſſed Saviour. If that ſex, as virtuous as beautiful, be Angelical, 'tis more diabolical by its Apoſtacy.

It is an unparallel'd ſlavery to bow your affections to the imperiouſneſs of ſuch a lewd ſoul, who requires the quite contrary experiment of ſervitude, to that the beſtial Duke of *Oſſuna* frighted his naked Barber into: for ſhe expects as eaſie command of your paſſion as her skill has perfected hers into by the art of obeying wholly her libidinous appetite. What miſery muſt it be to be enthrall'd to a ſort of inferiour Animals than mankind, of whom I may almoſt virifie the Turkiſh Religion; that ſuch as theſe have loſt their ſoul? *Tacitus* himſelf aphorizeth no leſs in his ſhort and poynant concluſion with *Meſſalina*. Could you ſee the inſide of this ſtrange Woman,

you would find it altogether a practice of outſides; an exchange of diſſring habits, looks, and phraſes ſhaped to every circumſtance of diſſimulation. Sometime ſhe is as inacceſſible as *Valentia*, to which no other then a narrow bridge permits approach and all ſeems to be horrid Alps about it, rocks frozen harder and colder with froſt and ſnow; and none but an *Hannibal* would hope to break thorough them. Anon, like the Town *Plura* on a ſuddain fall of a rock ſubverted, and nothing to be ſeen of it but a direful Lake.

Such an one indeed is a common ſewer of Luſt, and Druggs. For the latter like the Hoſpital near the Church-yard of magnificent St. *Peters* at *Rome* cannot lay farr off: and 'tis well if ſhe have not the quick digeſtion alſo of that Earth, once part of Holy ground. I am ſure you know not what dangers and evils you repoſe on. Inconſtancy, Impetuoſity, Fallacioſneſs are the compoſition of

their

their Love, Luſt the informant. Scarce ever do any reaſſume chaſtity, who have once depos'd it. For immodeſty ſtraight enthrones a Plebeian uſurping community, that attaint the nobleſt ſpirits which uſe to bluſh at Baſeneſs, and by its hatred of all ſence of Honor puts all that is honeſt and generous out of countenance. Then you will too late groan under the Tyranny and fatigues which mind and body are involv'd in, when you find your ſelf both as far from the ſatisfaction and happineſs you ſigh after, as in that hour you firſt became her Votary; and no nearer liberty then the Galley-ſlave, who expects Death alone to unchain him from the Oar. For like the labors of *Hercules* ſome new exploit will ſtill be conjur'd up to deſtroy or enſure your courage and obſequiouſneſs, and like him you will endure a dying life, in thoſe flames Love, and Jealouſie can never make too hot for their Purgatory.

Yet

Yet at the no eaſie rates of a *Gallican Limbus*, our Age will buy the pleaſure of its Luſt. Neither the diſappointment of their hopes, vaſſalage of their paſſions, nor Penances (At the price whereof they would renounce Heaven it ſelf) can make theſe maniac's temperate. And indeed they ſeem to be under an high diſtemper of mind and body; the ſolicitude, inſaciety, viciſſitude of violent affections, and diſtractions, are ſymptoms of that: the pale face, vibrated eies, inequal pulſe, and their waking *Coma* ſhew this to be under an acute feaver, which all their long ſighs cannot haſten in breath enough to cool.

But if you obtain the utmoſt fruitions of your Amours, if you fear no Rival, if your joynt affections be emboſom'd in one common breaſt, and you know not how to expreſs or entertain a more full indulgency of Love; All the hiſtory hereof does openly confeſs this your happineſs, to be empty, ſhallow, and miſerable: For the

the most pathetic Language of your melting affections can speak or signifie no more than bare commiserations, or bold wishes over your Beloved; wherein you rather pity and bewail one another in the short capacity of Love, than take or give any perfect proof or content in it: While your greatest efforts of passion doe but instruct the mind in its tremulous fluctuancies, that it is at the wrong point of the Magnet; and only condole over its affections to be so frustrated of their rest, and permanent satisfaction. For the acquest then of no more; Consider you stake the All of your self, whatever that can amount to, for the hectic feaver of a consuming, incertain, fugacious, phantastic brutish pleasure, which concludes, without extorted acknowledgment, that you are deluded, and infinitely short of that good, the Soul would quietly rest in, without forming so much as one thought to uncenter it self.

None

None that finds Opinion the Empreſs of the world, but obſerves Paſſions to be the ladders by which it aſcended: Paſſions which ſupplant Reaſon, to whom they were given in ſubjection and ſervice, and gain the intire government of our wils. So does luſt aſſign it ſelf to its enſnaring object, That it uſes to prefer it abundantly, before the particular content, which every individual enjoys of his Creators goodneſs, to reckon himſelf abſtractedly happy in: (had not every one ſuch an innate principle, emulation and envy would continually torture the Soul, and we ſhould wiſh to be any thing but what we are) now an unlawful Love cancels this beatifying apprehenſion, and connatural emulgency of delight, which is ſuckt from out of it ſelf alone; and impoſes another Standard of your joy. What you love you live; Your paſſion, ſuppreſſing all other concerns, erects a Court of Requeſts, out of which nothing is to be transacted, and the whole buſi-

neſſe

neſſe and deſign of living ſhall be to love: And that love, adoreing its beloved ſo tranſportedly, never ceaſeth to conſigne it ſelf over by its own exinanition; to become and be transform'd into what it loves. I could hence philoſophize nicely on the cauſe of the diſtinct formation of either Sex, contrary to the receiv'd Tradition, that the predominant virtue determines the conception into its own ſimilitude: which would ſolve divers ſubtleties, but it is excentric. From this diſcourſe you have this ſad conſequence, that the object poſſeſſing and impaſſionating you, will certainly infuſe into you all thoſe vitious defects her degenerate mind has contracted, and you yield up your own integrity to be deform'd by her monſtrous depravations.

Thus much more you ſee you venture of your ſelf for ſo remarkable an infatuation; and if you will add unto it the diuturnity, and (I had almoſt ſaid) impoſſibility of vindicating your

ſel

ſelf from this Bondage; You have found out a State of direful miſery, ineluctable and deplorable ſadneſs. For Love though it be ſlowly and late aſcendent, ſeldome ſetts, but with our ſelves deſcending into ſhades and oblivion. 'Tis not the firſt living, but of the laſt dying emotions of the ſoul: You ſee it will ſtrive under all the infirmities of old Age, to render it as ridiculous as inſufficient. You cannot when you pleaſe divorce it your afflicted boſom: it wakes with you, and laies down beſide you; and when you court ſome ſoft repoſe and ſilence, it breaks in upon you withal the noiſe tumult and lancination of diſtracted paſſions, holding your eies open to its raviſhments, though you behold nothing therein but your own ſuffrings. So have I ſeen a poor captive Bird, when attempting a free and open flight, rudely checkt with the ſhort twine, and after a ſmall hovering and fluttering reſiſtance in the affected air, fall breathleſs groveling on the earth.

Oh

Oh the folly of poor ſtupid man, that, as much as it abhorrs the very ſhadow of reſtraint and fetters, which are of anothers impoſing, yet ſtudies to build himſelf a Labyrinth, and thinks himſelf not ſecure of his liberty; till he have contriv'd how ingeniouſly to incarcerate his freeborn affections! Thus thoſe who dreaded the Roman yoak, by the ſame methods of Fear ſubjected the Nation to their voracious Eagles, only having the election how to periſh.

Should I after ſome dark and rough draughts delineating your miſery, deſign to heighten the few faint appearances of your imagined felicity and light titillations of ſence; and fill it up with the many deep ſhadows, and ſtrong grounded horrors which the paſſions draw upon amorous Gallants: You would think it the very picture of that Carcaſe which had been martyr'd in Venereal fires, and was conſerv'd as a ſpecific againſt Lechery. Or that you ſaw ſome diſ-

mal

mal night-piece, on which one looſe touch of the Pencil had thinn'd the air, but ſo as if it had but with a thought only follow'd the ſwift flight of an Angel thorough it. So tranſient is the extaſie of your delight and pleaſure, over the black viſions of Luſt.

Can I ſay more to prejudicate and arm you when your Soul will be indanger'd by this aſſaſſination, knowing what circumventions will ſometime be prevalent, which theſe Salvages to our nature would wholly enſnare you in; and that all I can ſay will be little enough to inſtruct your innocence, and I fear much too weak to reſcue it from a ſurprize, much more out of the faſtneſſes of a ſecurely accuſtomed and Familiar Vice? Theſe kind of Creatures therefore the Predatory ſpirits upon the life of man we have not a word in all the vocabulary of evills bad enough to ſignifie their hideous Turpitude, unleſs I could phancy it ſo completed, that they had nothing more to add to make it

more

more Fatal to us. But the malice of these sorceresses is so fruitful of mischiefs, that we are only happy that the Fount of Goodness is inexhaustible, when we see all degrees of misery disseminated out of their circulating *Pandora*'s Box. You cannot comprehend the mystery of the sacramental Dedication they have made of themselves in their Vow of Prostitution: Wherein they devote themselves to corrupt and debauch Man from his Integrity and felicity: So difficult will it be to prognosticate what villanies will not be broached by them, to poyson the world with a worse plague than that from *Naples*. Shew me that sincerity Grandieur, Sapience that has escap'd their pernicious attempts: Shew me the greatest combination of nefariousness has but been meditated, and I will more than exemplifie it in some notorious impudence, or profligate treachery of a woman. Our blessed Lord and Saviour among all tentations, permitted not this of the Flesh

ſo much as to be levell'd againſt him ; ſo immaculate Virtue could no more admit a conflict with this impurity, than the Sun it ſelf can be ſuppoſ'd aſſaulted with midnight. And we know it the Guardian, as well as honour of Innocence to be free from all ſuſpicion and darings of a very tempting vice. But the firſt, beſt, ſtrongeſt, greateſt and wiſeſt of meer men, ſpeak their diminution in all theſe, by their unhappy connexion to theſe indeclinable particles of Levity. They are indeed themſelves the nullity of all words: Nothing they ſpeak is more ſubſtantial than their very looks, which every breath of yours, and (what is out of all compaſſe more variable) their own deſultory phanſy alters often in a moment.

I am angry with my invention to be ſo jaded in ſo fowl a Road, every progreſſion is more ſqualid and miry to me, yet I want dirt enough to caſt upon theſe ſeeming *Viæ Lacteæ*. Who have rubb'd on ſo exquiſite a dealbati-

on, that my very Ink looseth its blacks upon them. Neither think me provoked or in passion beyond the Antipathy every good Soul has to Hypocrisie. Believe me then, these are the grand Favorites of Hell, or the aptest disciples *Lucifer* ever school'd, that are so easily and naturally accommodated to that Art, that what we say of common Lyars own belief, that to them warrants at last their often questioned, and therefore more cautelous Fictions, we may here apply, That so industriously are these disciplin'd, that not their dearest friends, but their vilest selves too fall by their own Cheats and Dissimulation. And would the Imposture rot with themselves. But to see these *Hyenæ* ensnare truly generous Souls, that are guilty of betraying nothing but themselves, raiseth so high an Indignation in me, that methinks every point I direct my pen to should be the sharp Execution of a stile at their hearts; for, if they have any, they have more than the

Creation form'd in them.

But they have not yet their deaths wound, who outlive and outvie the transmutation of Cats themſelves: Suppoſe you ſaw ſuch a beautiful countenance at parting, orecaſt with an heavy cloud of ſeeming Sorrow, becauſe it leaves you perplexedly grieved: When inſtantly upon your vaniſhing it clears up all its beams and diſplays, to melt the next face and heart into a warm thaw, and court him as the Travailer out of his Cloak and modeſty, into the barefac'd nudities of luſt. Would you not wiſh with me ſuch a common red Lattice were alway as pervious to the eye, as ſignal in the paint; to abhorre at once the Goatiſh ſtench, loathſome impurities, and treacherous embraces of a Brothel Affection?

In the mean while how intire and meritorious ſoever your love be, it can have no fairer reception in her breaſt, than that Room which is the thorough-fare of a common Hoſtelry:

and

and here your Heart will be lodged; not under so consecrate custody and regard, as those donaries and votive Tables, which some Sts. Chappels with ostentation reckon up: But rather strung up, as a long file of faln teeth, by which some vagrant Operator girds his Art about him; where if there be any of the Catalogue of greater esteem than other, 'tis not for any kindness he ows it, or any its native excellency, but from some extraordinary monstrosity in it. I could hazard so much intimacy with such a Publican Soul, as might procure me but an inlet upon her thoughts, when she is casting up the roll of her Copy-holders, and the duties they pay her: For I guess I should find her caressing her self with greater delight, to have made so many Proselytes, than pleasure of fully gratifying her enflamed Lust. She may well admire that versatile sagacity of her skill, that has deluded and excoriated so many Booties, over whose innocent credulity, she solennizeth and

inſulteth with the Soveraignty and Triumph of the haughty Scythian upon *Caged Bajazet*.

Can a man be willing to ſerve only to fill up her Muſter, to increaſe the names muſt approve and licence her skill; that ſhe is one perfect in the myſtery of her Faculty; and of as refined diſſimulation as the Trade can bear? O Heavens! O tame Figures of Men! rather than want choler and indignation at this indignity, may you be all over icteritious. Could I wiſh worſe than theſe Miſcreants are forging upon themſelves, it ſhould be *Caſſandra's* deſtiny, to find none perſwaded by them: So far I pity, ſo much juſt wrath have I againſt theſe *Megæra's*, whoſe Hypocriſie may Entitle it ſelf another Fury of Hell (their bottomleſs Patrimony) and have Primacy of the other there. The very Beaſts can ſhew us out of their brutal appetite and converſe, nothing to be an Hieroglyphick of this Synopſis of Vice: The boſoms of theſe Wretches only, encloſe

encloſe this monſtrous propagation of promiſcuous evils, not to be conceiv'd in all *Africa*. Theſe are the *Ignes fatuæ*, and Precipices too, of benighted and wandring Affections; the wanton touches upon pruriginous ſpirits, which inſtantly gripe with the ſtings and pangs of a Scorpion; the Velitation of a mad Sardian laughter, which terminates in mortal convulſions. Thoſe haggiſh *Succubæ*, which not only drein the bloud of its pureſt vitals, but by their envenomed lips, transfuſe an Aconite to the parched heart.

Can I ſay more to awaken an Enchanted ſoul, than that it is upon the margin of all horror? Open but your ſight to one beam of ſober and clear Reaſon, and you will be amaz'd to ſee how inſenſibly you have been hurried and tranſported by theſe infernal Emiſſaries, to ſuch a diſtance from your own home and knowledge, and that in ſo ſhort a time: And if any good word may be now of force to diſſolve the charm you are under,

what ever this folly has coſt you; Believe me you cannot pay too dear for a Repentance that will ſnatch you out of their Gremial graves.

In a word, theſe miſtreſſes of the Magiſtery of diſſimulation, are the greateſt Enemies to the convers of the World. For whereas nature impreſſed one royal and plain ſtamp on the noble mine of our Affections, Theſe firſt debaſe them with their droſs then form what impreſs ſoever they liſt to transfer upon them: So while we pay them with currant and ſolid maſs of unalloyed Love, they cheat and beggar us with exchange of their baſe obtruded Gounterfeits. And this is a myſtery they anvile without any noiſe, it needs no load nor tryal of Artizans tools: Their Hearts are the mineral, their Breaſts the hot forges, their Brain Hammer and Vice, their impudent looks, laſcivious words and wanton geſtures the expoſing ſtalls to their cozenage: their ware and ſhop how cheap and open ſoever, is yet

too

too dark and dangerous to advance one ſtep nearer perdition. Thus like dancing Maſters they are born with the Engines of their Trade, and can ſet it up as eaſily as Tumblers vault; and without hardſhip of an Apprentiſhip become free of any Corporation. This is enough to decypher them to your knowledge without the infallibility of the Porphyry Chair. Avoyd them therefore as the moſt dreadful underminers of your liberty and happineſs; ſomewhat ſtoln upon the quiet of man again to caſt him out and bar Paradiſe againſt us: which ſhall be charge enough to impeach thoſe ſeducing Spirits, and confirm you in your bleſſed Innocence.

But I cannot have ſo great deteſtation to this herd of Satyrs, as veneration to that Love which is pure, and refulgent in the Conjugal or Amical Love-knot. I even adore that Affection, which ſpringing from a ſacred root ſprouts forth its ſtill flouriſhing bloſſoms to enammel the fair plantations of

Nature

Nature with a perpetual Spring: The preſent, the after ages while time and mankind cohabite ſhall riſe up to honour you with their due benedictions, and with the whole bank of Humanity ſhall acknowledge it owes its Stock to your liberal improvements. Friendſhip I no leſs admire as one of the fragranteſt flowers in the garden of the Creation, that Odor which delights the Soul with the ſympathy born from the ſame ſpot of Earth into an uniting coalition of Affections: Which in differing ſexes may ſometime grow into elegancies not otherwiſe educible: and if the terrene nouriſhment thereof be not too rich and luxuriant, the complacencies of nature will by their fair attractions, more powerfully and engagingly corroborate and ſweeten it. But a true principle of Amity in all perſons and Relations, will not ceaſe to ſublime it ſelf into an Angelical perfection, and innocence of Love; both in wiſhing nothing ſo much as one anothers happineſs, and purſuing it by

by all the amicable obligations and assistances of Virtue, with a cœlestial efflorescence of Joy, to have together ascended above the dull and tumultuous cares and hurries of unreasonable passions; and be so farre emergent from sense, as to distinguish and palat a condition that is serene, congenial, the Banquet of the most intelligent and amiable Spirits, and a prælibation of what the happy Glorious above enjoy and feast upon.

But loe, we are brought down again, to this gross Orb of Grief and loss, our Gallants Tragedy of

GAMING

Where we find his Royalties and Mannors parceld and rent into a small pack of Cards, his money ebbing and flowing with the pace it keeps to the rising and falling Dice: all his hopes cast into a narrow box; his deeds and conveyances in as little paper, as the Conqueror pass'd whole Countries o-

ver

ver by. Not that our Gallants love Abridgments of our voluminous laws, much leſs a ſure and ſpeedy way to be rich: Nor do they curſe the tedious formalities of Tribunals. Only they admit of a diſtinct Court from *Weſtminſter-Hall*, from which no appeal is allowed: Every Ordinary has its Solon and Lycurgus; and as a particular Chancery expedites all the rules of its try'd and well conſulted Equity: and from theſe you ſhall ſometime meet our Gameſters return, with the countenances of thoſe that had juſt paſſ'd a Tryal at Bar. The famous Painter *Angelo* might from their looks have finiſht his laſt Judgment: The looſers bearing the gulfs of deſpair in their very faces, being undone and ejected out of all their fair affluences, and ſo much as the hopes and poſſibility of having one caſt more for a Fortune: not one minute more of the whole ſtock of time to turn up a favourable revolution; They themſelves Relations, dependents, expectancies excluded,

cluded, and for ever debarr'd approach near to their abdicated prosperity. On the other side he might have the high spring-tides of exhilient Joy enlarging their channels, oreflowing all its banks to import an Ocean of new raisd spirits, to welcome and take acquaintance of the great success and delight the winner brings off: In whose look, not a Line Fear dares lay hold on, nor thorough this crowd of exultations can one sad thought justle up to an Audience: And our Painter may fear to begin a Face so full of life, as all his skill and oyl, will be too little to rarifie and air, to brisk and rutilate.

But those in whom our Gaining can draw so pleasant a Prospect are indeed herein more like the blessed Heirs of Heaven; in that they are the rarer instances of Beatitude, some few select reserves of the collection of mankind, like the crowned Victors of the many that contended for the Prize, and lost it. Only here our Gallants rashly commit the whole course to Fortune and chance.

chance. Thoſe who exterminate Providence may here behold, what fair proviſion they aſſign to the prudence and induſtry of the World, and account it the unluckieſt advantage man could ſtumble on, to be born with eyes, endowed with underſtanding to diſcern happineſs, and a ſoul ſpirited to its enjoyment; but have no way diſtinguiſhable to ſeek after and acquire it, nor any means to retain it longer than the mutable contingencies of Affairs ſettle in one Poſture: For when the four ſtirring Elements, like the ſuits at Cards, are ſhuffled into another hand, or ſuch numbers fall into a benigne or croſs chance; there will be no bearing up againſt theſe blind events, and the Age muſt be left to play its own Game, and us; withour any mediate diſpoſures or motions of our own.

This would be to infatuate all the deſigns of reaſon and diligence. For though we know we muſt hazard ſtorms, unſeen rocks and ſhelves of

dangerous

dangerous Seas; Yet who puts out, without his skilfull Pilot and Compass? Nay who puts himself upon the perils of waves, but on the fairest expectancy of profitable returns? Only our home Adventurers here, that contract their whole substance into so little bulk, that they may easily heave all overboard at one lift, and cast all away in one suddain wreck. Nor will they be adviz'd to beware of those armed Land-Pirates, that lay ready to prey upon every ventur'd Estate, the arts they have to make out a Prize, their stratagems to hunt it, their violence and treachery invading it, and barbarousness to divide the spoil in the very sight of the naked Gull. So do we often see an old stout Carrack, that has made many a successful honourable and rich voyage; that has long carried all the fortune, name, and venture of a brave Family embarkt in it: neither split on the fatall hardness of the times, nor broken by fury of continual Tempests, or lost by its old indiscoverably

diſcoverably growing leakages; no, nor yet nobly ſunk after manly reſiſtance by the prevailing enemy of its nation: But baſely aſſail'd by an unſuſpected crew of Villains in the very harbor; unladen, pillaged, and cleft into ſo ſmall planks, that you find not ſo much of it remain, as of our great Drakes veſſel to be but a narrow Seat of that once famous name.

What the admirable wiſdome and conduct of your Anceſtors gathered into one ſafe Hive, to be the ſtock and ſhelter of the whole Tribe; to Head & Countenance; to all the Lineage; One night ſurprizeth, deſtroys, the Oeconomy of the Family, extinguiſhes the fair Colonies it might have peopled the world with; and there remains nothing of it but the ſhade of a great Name; the empty curtail of its faint Eccho. I know no law can be form'd to prevent theſe frequent miſcarriages, wherein Poſterity ſuffers abortion, and many a pregnant Spirit is ſuffocated, in the ſtreight enclo-

ſures

closures of a confining vellicating Fortune: who had they had opportunity of fairly lanching forth, their sails had been fill'd with the same breath of their Ages Honour, and Applause, which was a propitious gale to their Grand-fathers: whereas now your own fartheſt extended Line ſhall remember your name, but to laſh it with their heavieſt execrations. For the robbing of the whole by your exportation and alienation of what was theirs more than yours, has alſo like the *Peter*-penny ſhip ſtranded in *Sandwich*, together with it ſank the Harbor; and made its convenient ſituation more regretfully deplorable in the ſad diſaſter. For it is a miſery to be born to the remembrance of thoſe honors, which contemplation and ſenſe of our preſent indigencies ſuffer us only to grieve over, and ſink in that alſo below the calamity and loſs it ſelf.

I could wiſh there were kept a Regiſter in each ſhire of all, who, by this or any other profuſion, end as the

Snuffs of noble and wealthy deſcents, that their Country may exclaim at and abominate the ſtench; And that ſome proportion of every fair Revenue might by no Law niceties be alienable; but, upon ſuch a declination of the Family, immediately paſs into the Counties poſſeſſion: not to erect Hoſpitals for the *devaſtator*, but be wholly converted to the education of the moſt hopeful Youth can be recommended (thoſe of that Name primarily reſpected) for the making up the breach among them, and raiſing up as flouriſhing a name again to the Nation. Nor can your ſeverity be too rigid upon the ſpend-thrift, who has ſubmitted himſelf and Fortune (as the Military diſcipline ſometime does its offenders lives) to the lot upon the Drum-head, and his poſterity under the Spear to infamous ſlavery and ſufferings: Spirits ſo ignobly baſe, that, were their Fathers duſt intruſted on their inheritance, would even pawn their quiet aſhes and old monuments, to build one poor bank at play.

These are less worthy our commiseration, than the many Malefactors we with dry eies follow to Execution. He that filcheth or robbs on the highway is not in hope of such booties, nor capacity to destroy more than single lives: Here we see play'd away the lives and beings of those, they have no more just power to dispose of, than the Church has, to alienate its consecrate rights to profane abuses; or than we can force of satisfaction, for the cruelty, and rapines of the *Romans* and *Danes* upon our Fore-fathers. I might add to the shame of our Gallants madness, what their hopes of gain can be upon their greatest success. Did you ever see any great Family made greater by accessions at Play? Certainly Industry and honest Labor rais'd all that we now see, bearing up above the malice and fate of old Time: An Estate thus built has no one rafter but is seasoned, every stone has the stability of a Quarry; 'tis cemented with long wrought sweat, and

is a morſel on which *Saturn* himſelf will break his fangs: What we gain by fair diligence has a ſweetneſs, which ſtollen waters ſhall ſooner become wine than emulate, a ſweetneſs which from the ſoundneſs of its conſtitution forbids corruption; and muſt needs conſerve every particular, as being the condiment of Time it ſelf: which would be ſo burthenſome to us, that were there no induſtry neceſſary, to till, ſow, and reap our fields, our bread and life would be alike embittered to us. All your gains at play can never be adopted to ſerious and noble uſes, like the Tholoze Gold, and all Sacrilegious ſpoils, they rather bring a Coal to conſume your own high-raiſ'd hopes and Fortunes: Thoſe that rob you, are anon under the pilferings of their own vicious Luſts; and the Infidels that depend on Events of as great ſucces every day will find their own Family unprovided for.

I will joyn to this Quixotry its inſeparable Sancho through all the ad-

ventures

ventures of Gaming; that bears the weapons; and Portmantua full of Lightning and Thunder: I mean the

SWEARING

That attends Gamesters; which is so much the more inexcusable, because all this while our Gallants must play with as little concern and regret as the *Don* had, whether he did beat or was beaten; the generosity of his spirit and glory of the Adventurers would not bear a second beating by his own passions. But certainly that great *Isabella*, who in her extremities of Childbirth cover'd her face, and not so much as by her looks would derogate from Majesty; could not so quietly look on the intrenchments upon her state and Soveraignty, but would passionately assert it, against her own *Ferdinand*. And I will not believe Oaths and Curses, because they accent our ordinary Language, and are used to veil many natural defects,

ſound no more when we part with an arm or limb of an Eſtate. If they are not all this while in paſſion, theſe might have been well ſpared; if they be, theſe like bellows blow it into greater heat and fury: and this can be but the very blowing away an overture to an excuſe.

However theſe are the Gameſters, Artillery, and Trumpets too: if they come off with a fair Atchievment, theſe proclaim the Prize; if worſted, they ſound the foile too. They have not Oaths enough to magnifie and invoke Fortune in her favourable aſpect: Nor ever hope to be reveng'd of her frowns, by belching up their haſty and fowl execrations on the Mignion. As temerariouſly and blindly they caſt round about them theſe firebrands and fatal ponyards, as ſhe ſeems to them wantonly ro diſpenſe her deſtinies. But where the Fire catches, and the Wounds fall, the Nature of this fulminant Gold will lowdly direct you; You think to blow and ſhoot

it

it up againſt Heaven; but it kindles below, and breaks downward, recoyling fearfully, with the noiſe and burning of a Cannon upon your own boſom.

Might I enquire what theſe bold Gigantic Combatants think of Fortune, or a ſurer hand guiding their Game: If there be none, why do the Brutes ſo rave, at what do they diſcharge their continual brayings, why ſo tormentouſly rend their weary throats? If there be a Fortune, She is blind and unconcern'd. Why ſhould they commit their hopes and enjoyments to the Winds? But if indeed you ſtrive with Heaven; 'tis becauſe you can ſubject its decrees to yours, or fear them not: If the firſt, you only are in fault if you be not as happy as you would be: Conquered, frighted Heaven muſt have ſtoop'd to your commands. Why complain you farther of it? If the latter ſteel your audaciouſneſs, They are very impotent and deſpicable cannot reach, and pu-

niſh your daring impieties. Be confident however, this is not the way to call down cæleſtial auxiliaries (as infernal Spirits are willing to anſwer hard and terrible words) your defiances arm them againſt you, to powr down greater fury, to compleat and triumph in your extremeſt miſery.

But our Gallants plead not ſo much the ventilation of Paſſion, the exploſion only of ſome fired diſcontented Spirits by their curſed Oaths (where-I cannot conceive the Devil for their Example) They uſe them as the Elegancies and figures of ſpeech, as neceſſary as the Ornaments of their dreſs. They are their ſupplements unto all parts of diſcourſe and Rhetoric: Oaths and imprecations file off all rudeneſs and barbariſms, act the full force of perſwaſion, and the very acuteneſs of a declamation and Satyr. They can be as ill layd down by our Nobleſs as their Muffs in winter, ſo frigid and ſhrivel'd would their converſe be without them. They have a way to comprize

prize much of their great minds in this kind of Laconic brevity. Their Pages, Coachmen, and Watermen with but one round mouth'd Ejaculation, and a hand toward their ſword, ſtraight know what they mean, and, as Spaniels are taught, readily execute their pleaſure. The ſame again breath'd with a melting accent, ſmooth face, and bending body, ſerves in the quinteſſences of complements, and proteſts of moſt oblieging friendſhip and ſervice.

O depraved times, and more degenerate Humanity! Is there no way left us to be ingenious, and facetious, but by obſcenities or monſtrous abuſe of all that is ſacred? Does Profaneneſs and contempt of Divinity encircle our Wits with that Laurel, which will both dare the Thunderer, and evade the blow! Then let us yield them immortality, and dread the ſtroaks of their incenſed Wit, as the vulgar doe the tails of Comets, and the multiplication of Suns. But if we

reflect

reflect on the genuine evaporations of theſe Ingenioſo's, how like are they to Meteors, and Hurricanes of wit, rather than fixed ſtars, or the Heaven born placid and fructifying Dew: rather lowd foaming forced and angry Torrents; than the ſmooth and Chryſtalline ſtream flowing eaſily from a pure Fountain of happy invention? That which can run with an even uninterrupted vein of fertile ingeny and knowledge, thorough all the windings of Art and Nature; Sometime emptying it ſelf in the profound ſpeculations of abſtruſe Philoſophy, to try the moſt reaching fathom; Anon, playing with and turning up the looſer ſands, reſting on the ſides of the courted ſhoars, criſping its light dividing waves into limpid curls, with whiſpred purling murmurs; as if weaving into bracelets, and with its ſtudied muſick obliging its Muſes ſtay and delight. 'Tis the facility and fertility of Wit alone can impregnate the moſt barren Subject, make a Garden

of

of a Common, contrive an oregrown Forreſt into a Grove, or innocent Labyrinth; cut a rocky Precipice into a delightful Grott, and Waterworks; and is at no knotty emergency ſo ſtopt and plung'd, that it needs to call a Deity down upon the ſtage, to make its way open and diſembogued.

Since then the eſſentials of true wit are of a different Origination and progreſſions, from the Spurious attempts of thoſe who laying their titles ſo boldly from Heaven, are but the monſtrous race of Centaurs, and far from Demi-Gods; Let the Nobles confeſs their miſtake, when they find this cloud break in noiſe and ſmoak, and include no other *Funo*: And may they the more eaſily quit this ſuperfluity of Vice, as what ſounds with no other effect than the vanity of Childrens Potguns and Crackers. 'Tis a wickedneſs yields ſo little preſent ſatisfaction, and may ſo eaſily be ſhut out of all diſcourſe; that it is the huge amazement of ſober men, that any will venture paying

dear

dear for ſo fond a Lubency. That converſe, which would be not only innocent but delightful, is often thus orefpiced, and made too poynant with ſprinkling thoſe hot and high Oaths and Curſes: that our ſpirits are in danger of the air they breath, like needles and launcets piercing a tender and ſedate Soul; at the ſame time making the wounds deeper with regrett, to be ſo unhappily bound and ſow'd up in a bag, with nettles and Waſps.

This Vice may more decently now alſo be relinquiſhed as being the Familiar of their very Lacquays, the Blazonry of the dregs of the Populace. In births, cloaths, diet, diverſions, and the heightning your pleaſures; in the melioration of your minds by education and converſe, in your hopes, deſigns, and noble employments you far outſtrip all their enjoyments, and attempts: But here they can Rival (I doe not ſay) outvie you, in number, volubility, and as lowd volleys of Oaths and execrations. Now it concerns

cerns your Honour to retire, leave them the ſport and quarry, which is not worth your Time, and does but diſhoneſt your truly noble Entertainments.

You may here make a moſt profitable experiment upon the world (moſt docible by Examples that deſcend) You have convey'd this curſed ſound through the whole Iland in an inſtant; as in the whiſpring pipes, the Roman wall is ſaid to have carry'd in ſo long a Traverſe. Would you might be entreated to change theſe harſh and terrible ſounds into ſoft and peaceable, that the affrighments and Furies, thoſe have alarm'd, may be appeas'd; and we may appear to be ſeriouſly buſie; not tumultuouſly ſtartled and hurryed together as to an uproar and Riot: You may hence inform us, whether ſignal Virtue can be as exemplary as Vice has been by imitation deſtructive. So may you recover the reputation your births have given you above the commonalty, and your Faith remain

invio-

inviolable: That your but neceſſary aſſeverations upon your Generoſity and Honour, may be reverenced in your ſelves, and ſacred in the eſteem of your Inferiours.

We ſhould now at laſt be groſly deluded, if we expect to find Religion in thoſe Perſons we ſtruck at in the ſeries of our diſcourſe: For none of thoſe Vices can be the Rule of that Profeſſion we have eſpouſed: No ſofter a word and power than

ATHEISM

Regulates theſe mens lives, and emboldens their impieties. With this Generaliſſimo of the Powers of darkneſs, this skirmiſh ſhall be concluded, as that (which ſome gloſſe) the race of man ſhall at laſt ſet and conclude in. And now indeed, when we ſee the notion of a Deity uſurp'd, but as the occult qualities to be derided only and exploded: We cannot but find the ſhadows growing and ſtealing apace upon

on us. But certainly 'tis an affectation of obſcurity envelopes us in night, and ſhuts out thoſe raies, which cannot but in every point clear up to us the being of a Creator. 'Tis groſſe Ignorance, Inconſideration, malitious wickedneſs of the world, that dares not, will not admit a God into their thoughts, to become the Supreme Arbiter of their hearts and lives. Therefore they perplex their brains to diſpute it off the ſtage. and with far greater anxieties labor to entangle the conception of a Deity, than they can ſo much as ſuppoſe in acknowledging their makers infinite perfections.

For ſhall fond man, whom we every day ſee crumbling into Earth, that knows not his own beginning nor ſetting, his compoſition nor capacity, judge of thoſe things which as infinitely tranſcend our comprehenſion, as Nature; and could be no longer adorable if not perfectly myſterious? ſhall ſhallow we, loſt in diving but to the bottom of every ſenſible, hope to fa-

thom

thom the immenſe Abyſs of all power, knowledge, goodneſs? Would you any longer worſhip, love, or fear God, if you had an apprehenſion of his being, which you could any where terminate in finite limits? This would be to heathenize the Earth again, and reduce ſuch a ſlight and formal veneration, as heretofore was beſtowed on their race of Gods, that once grew among themſelves; and on the Idols they ſhaped according to their own phanſied Images. I need not ſay it is neceſſary, for it is impoſſible, we ſhould here have any more plain notions of our Maker, than thoſe in which He is pleaſed to reveal himſelf to us. All of the knowledge of himſelf is myſterious, adorable, admirable, but moſt conſummate: All of our Duty plain, eaſie, and moſt neceſſary. I ſay enough for the reaſonableneſs thereof, that if it had been no Tryal of the will and affections to renounce the world and our ſelves, God would never have propounded it in the middle

between

between an Eternal Glory and Misery.

But it is a vain Curiosity (which first made the breach upon Man in the mass) which will not be confin'd to its duty, under our present possessions, and hopes, greater than man can raise his vast soul to contrive. The state of which happiness, because entring upon no avenue of our senses; nay above all the reaches of our what not amplifying Heart, and almost powerfully creating Imagination; confounds our conceptions and belief of it. But doe I believe God the maker of this fair fabric of this visible Creation; wherein every one phansies he could carve out portion large enough for his most importunate desires: and in the poor pittances, fragments and Atoms whereof we every day see many reposing their utmost felicity, and could be content to sing eternal Requiems to their Souls over them? Do I not herein also admire the wonderful delight, beauty, use, and harmony re-

ſulting from every part of it, and concentring within my ſelf in fulleſt pleaſure and content, from my contemplations and fruitions thereof? And ſhall I not now be confident, that the moſt wiſe Creator, that raiſed this glorious frame but as a Pavilion to be ſpread over Pilgrims, or a ſtately Theatre for ſome few daies exhibiting the various Scenes and Actors upon the world, and then be taken down, has a Palace of infinitely more excelling workmanſhip and entertainment; that the happineſs reſerv'd muſt tranſcend what ſoever I can ſee lovely and deſirable here in my paſſage, and therefore muſt be *Heaven?*

Where the yellow clay, glaſſe beads and pebbles we reckon our ſelves and riches by (in our Sanguine dreams here) which we fear under our keeping, and bitterly bewail being loſt; All theſe will be contemptible to the diaphanous yet ſolid Sun of the metals, pearls, and truly precious ſtarry Gems; which are not to be the treaſures but materials

materials of the Cæleſtial manſions. The ſatisfaction I now take in one good word or work virtuouſly accompliſht, will then paſs into a feſtival of Joy, by being aſſerted into a bliſsful activity of all goodneſs, to the utmoſt of my enlarged powers. The refined pleaſure my Soul now takes in, with every freſh gleam, and diſcovery of New-found knowledge, and embracing a truth conſentaneous to the principles of my own reaſon; ſhall then be the quickning it ſtill to move on the inexhauſtible deeps of Science and wiſdome, with free expanſions, and heliotrope converſions to that eternal light; that will irradiate and inform the intellectuals with the Spirit of all underſtanding. The affection of love, which here at ſome time carrys me out, to a delight and union with any attractive amiableneſs, and my raviſhments in the harmonious repercuſſions of a Beloved, ſhall there tranſport me into one endleſs Extaſie of Love; where I ſhall enjoy what can alone (without

grating on any one affection) perpetually invite out and meet the Soul in its pureſt ardencies aud zeal, with inextinguiſhable freeneſs, and fulneſs of divine goodneſs and bounty: ſo that this inconceivable energy the ſoul ſhall feel, will carry it wholly forth to the Viſion of Beatitude, and paſs it into the Glory it ſees, adores, and loves with endleſs Delectation. Now then if I may have leave to call the will of the Bleſſed Souls, purity; their underſtanding, all eie; all their affections, Love: You will think the world you now live in a ſink of Vice; a Cavern of dark ignorance; and a den of monſtrous and ſalvage malice and cruelty.

Could I here alſo pourtray the horrors a dejected, guilty, aſtoniſhed, broken, deſpairing, and ſelf-torturing ſpirit, which way ſoever it turns, feels, and fears; I ſhould from our own ſenſes, which are often ſabled with melancholy, from the ravings of a Feaver, the pangs and groans of acute

pains,

pains, and deathbed agonies and ſtrug-lings, ſay enough to confeſs, though not conſtitute the miſery of an Hell. Both theſe ſtates with all the notions our narrow conceptions form of them, having all the demonſtrations our un-derſtanding, and the nature of the thing can admit, nothing being wan-ting to convince and ſupport the moſt penetrating and cautelous Reaſon; let us no longer deny their being and cer-tainty, becauſe ſo incomprehenſibly a-bove us, and ours. For I am perſwa-ded as to a diſtinct and clear appre-henſion of them, we are as incom-petent, as the Embryo is in the cloſe and dark womb to conceive of the vaſtneſs, order, and beauty of this lar-ger neſt of Nature; wherein the com-pariſon you will alſo find to be more ſtreightned. From your enjoyments here only conſider whether you think the Author of them could not have heightned and perpetuated them, had it ſeemd good to infinite wiſedom.

We in all theſe behold a continual

viciſſitude various interchanges and ſucceſſions of all things ſublunary. And it may not be amiſs to grant ſuch a rotation of States and families; as may ſuppoſe that they have all had their equal portion of proſperity and adverſity; ſo alſo that the very higheſt and loweſt pitch and fall of either have, in ſome age or other, made ſome of the ſame ſtock moſt eminent in both conditions: that in every line ſome may be accountable for the truſt of Princely power, and tryal of meaneſt debaſement. However in all the variations of our affairs here below, we may eaſily ſee and admire a Providence diſpoſing them, and bearing up a moſt conſtant tenour of unerring regularity: That days and ſeaſons have their unalterable returns, the minds and ſhapes of each man their proper ſentiments and impreſſes, every nation its particular diſtinct genius, the levity and excellency of each ſo counterpoiz'd (even to the turning with the two hundredth part of a grain) by

ſome

some other defects and virtues of a neighbour Countrey, to the setting of due bounds to all: For the wilyness of that ballanceth the strength of this; the heat and agility of another is temper'd by the Phlegm and industry of their Enemy: to their innate ambition, is oppos'd the inexpungnable zeal others have to their native soil. Thus we see the Empires of the world have their periods, declination and expiration; as well as a Rise, augmentation, and flourishing.

That the conceptions and designs of every individual admit so many transmutations with their years; and that all of them sooner or later retire, and clear the stage to another Generation, to which must be committed the whole concerns of Mankind; and yet all this while among so different traverses, the world has faln into no decay; no Encroachments have been made on Nature; nor such inundations on its Inhabitants as to drown any of their specific temperaments, or

ſo oreflow any one part of them, as not to be recovered in ſome revolutions; does lowdly proclaim and juſtifie the moſt wiſe decretals ef Heaven, managing ſo many diſſenting heads, and new hands to the carrying on the wonderful buſineſs of Providence. There is no novelty under the Sun, all will ſtill proceed with the meaſures of a man, if we do not put off our own natures and principles. For 'tis Atheiſm alone can unhinge all, and invert the whole order of things; by deſtroying all opinion of the wiſedom and integrity of former ages, the happy ſecurity of the preſent, and all concerns and hopes for the future.

But had we a conſiderative view into the cauſes, actings, and terminations of thoſe grand occurrences, which firſt ſtartle, then leave us as much careleſs as unſatisfied; we ſhould admire the deep agencies of Providence. Did every one but ſeriouſly regard the wonders that have ſignaliz'd a great part of his own private concerns

and

and contingencies; the notices arising thence would shew how he had been acted and guided by another hand and intention, beside and beyond his own. Round about how many notable instances daily break forth to instruct us, that Blind Nature alone could not so happily Time and finish her wise mistakes? As Embryos we cannot conceive much of the Order and Power of the Intellectual World. But I am perswaded much more is done among us by the concurrence of good and Evil Spirits, in common converse and Accidents, than we imagine or observe. Had we an history of those unaccountable remedies (which are no small nor unwarranted part of Medicine) some from animals, other from Vegetables, taken inwardly, or used as Amulets; we should acknowledge a great deal to their benignity, or some permitted delusions in their discoveries. The Temple of *Æsculapius* famous for its cures prescribed in dreams, and registred into a Dispensatory on the

walls

walls thereof; beſide many later remarkables of this nature, juſtifies this my conceit.

Withal I ſuppoſe them very prone, if not by rule diſpoſed, to concern themſelves in all ſorts of Offices, wherein they may employ their powerful activities; and have the pleaſure unſeen, to guide, aſſiſt, and patronize many of our undertakings. Many ſudden and uncouth friendſhips, antipathies, ſtrange deliverances, advices in extraordinary diſtances, ſolutions of intricacies, preſages, and powerful influences upon other Creatures I may favourably refer to their preſence and miniſtery; not denying but there are ſome perſons by nature and temper (without recourſe to an Aſteriſm) fitted to wonderful intimations, and performances beyond the Vulgar. Yet I cannot but admire to ſee ſome ſuddenly grown up into an opinion and repute with the World; wonderfully made the darlings of Fortune, from one lucky article of an occaſion inſtantly out-

outstripping all others, and their own thoughts; thrive and prosper to the amazement of all, where every one before was defeated and wasted; in every enterprize and but petty hazard successful and victorious: and all this without anxious solicitudes, laborious insudations, or more than Common stock of comprehension or contrivance. At the same time, a person wherein nothing is wanting to the Ornament, as well as strength and vigor of Reason and Prudence, no defect in industry and Art; sinking, unfortunate, every way oppressed, and quite broken in all his designments: When I presently reflect on the admonition given *Mark Antonie*, in his competitions with *Augustus*; and that there is more truth and mystery in it, than we are aware of, and advized by. On a due collection, you will conclude, even where all seems to lay open to the sports and frolikes of Time and Chance, a most sure Hand from above, beyond our determinations and

reaches,

reaches, diſpoſes all events how caſual ſoever in appearance and (by many Inſtruments [perhaps] of ſome nearer degree of Intellectual Agents.)

From the promiſcuous ſucceſſes and conditions, Virtue and Vice are here equally involved in with induſtry and Imprudence, you may as neceſſarily infer the conſequence of a ſtate of life after this; where one ſhall account for the impious abuſes of long provoked and moſt attractive goodneſs; the other meet a remuneration, ſuitable to the exerciſe of a ſuffering, throughly tryed, and perfected integrity. To which I may joyn the inſatiable thirſt, the ſoul of man pants under, toward a ſtate of immortality: It beholds it ſelf made to diſtinguiſh, and comprehend, the truth and worth of all about it (beyond the power it ſees any other Creature born unto) But there remaining ſo great a part of it undiſcovered upon the Continent, as well as wide Ocean of knowlege; All the principles hereof alſo being but precariouſly and dubiouſly

dubiously admitted; How does the Soul lay down and bewail it's sad condition, finding it's cleareſt reſolves and concluſions, ſubject to cavillation and torture, when raiſing up an appetite large enough to take in the coveted delicacies, appearing only as if but to tantalize it? But now that doctrine which meets us heated, tyred, dejected in deſpair of ever reaching, what our greedineſs has tranſported us out after; how welcome, pleaſant, ſatisfactory will it be to us; reviving and raiſing us up again on our feet, ſo as to forget all our paſt toil and wearineſs; Eſpecially when to the poſſeſſion of this Terreſtrial knowledge, It bids us look up to Heaven above, and reckon upon the innumerable Lights and worlds of wiſdom and underſtanding there, which we are created capable to look and paſs into, and ſhall eternally reſide under their illuminations?

We ſhall ſuddenly then make up the

the arrears of the longeſt lives (and an hundred years are brought into as ſmall a point as twenty, to the review of a dying perſon.) The Philoſophy, we grope after all the ſhort night of our duration here, will (I conceive) by the firſt approaches of the light of our never ſetting day, be plain and illuſtrate to us: The Firſt and Wiſeſt of Men had not larger notices of the Creation, than the uncaptiv'd Spirit inſtantly enters upon; for that (as *Adam* at firſt) is born and ſprings forth from it's clay, arrayed with the ſame connate beams of knowledge as of life. And the wiſdom of *Solomon* was that Celeſtial *Chariſma*, which in it's very illapſes enlarged his Soul to it's reception. Thus ennobled, the Spirit riſes to the dignity of an Empyreal Gueſt, preſently as it feels it ſelf unmanacled from duſt, and above it's diſtreſſes and fears, finding eternal joys ſet wide open to him: Otherwiſe it would be a ſurprize of ſuch amazing happineſs, enough to make it fall into

ſuch

such a Syncope it left the body in, were it not instantly transform'd and adapted with generous instincts of it's Glorious inheritance. To demonstrate the quick dispatch of so great a transaction, it's means and methods, you shall respite me; Till you find any one determine the instant and manner of the Souls connexion to the body, and the affections it brought with it: Or let another tell me how long time he is learning to see, and by what degrees he apprehends the benefit and use of light: Or a Third when he first knew he had Reason, and what was to be done by it: Or another shew, how an Antipathy or Sympathy immediately break forth, and act all their violences, without calling the Soul down to Counsel.

'Tis enough, that these, and more inconceivable Truths, are not only the subject of our rational examinations, but shall once be the convictions and experiences of our apprehensions: which affords me a wide field of wonder

der, that the unhappy curioſity of our Nature; which has (I believe) drawn many to converſe with any order of Spirits; Either that they might be ſatisfied in the being of ſuch Creatures, or from them gain ſome intelligence and notices above ordinary diſquiſitions; do's not produce in us all an extraordinary ſatisfaction and delight, in the knowing that Truth which is our Light and Way to arrive at a bleſſed Communion, and Union with the Father and Fountain of all Spiritual beings. I cannot, to the higheſt Speculators, urge a greater cogency of their duty to their Creator. The very addreſſes to the Father of our Spirits intimate no leſs than our return to, and quiet, in that boſome which delighted to give us a being: And to be brought to the knowledge and favor of the moſt pure Origine of all Spirits as ſtrongly imports our arrival, at that Center of Truth and happineſs, which is the Summe of All that created beings can poſſibly know or enjoy. Neither

ther will your capacities be contracted, but as infinite Perfection is the object of your Fruitions, so will your Souls (emptyed of the burthens, and coarctation of incumbring matter) be dilated and stretched out, into your proportionable entertainments of overflowing Beatitude. And what more can any desire than he can enjoy? The Soul it self can go no farther; because it cannot, need not to, desire any thing more.

And those that are in such eager quest of the Cheifest Good and present happiness, will find the Soul possessed of uninterrupted Joy, and Serenity; only as enjoying the favor of the Moderator of all things. The quiet content and fixation flowing from this assurance no distractions, incertitudes or impediments abroad can intercept, or diminish: And hence you will have an Argument as full as it's brevity will bear, to invite your Soul to trample on all the dross and defilements, which steal away your hearts, and ob-

ſtruct your early engroſſing of happineſs and aſcent to Heaven.

As ignorance is the Parent of Superſtition, ſo is Atheiſm the unhappy birth of Inconſideration: That is willing to reſt on any thing; this repudiates, and careleſly rejects all: that requires ſobriety and attention; and this, becauſe the inconſiderate will not be at leiſure, thoroughly to be acquainted with any thing, much leſs themſelves. Would they be ſo kind to their own Souls to hear what they can ſay for their own Original, how they derive their Genealogy by Authentic Patents from Heaven above; they would not ſo eaſily relinquiſh their Title to it, & paſs away their primogeniture for every ready meſs of Vanity. Nor do they underſtand more of the reſt of the World, and regard all they know as little, as if wholly Ignorant of it. They live as on a wide open Ocean, where every wave and wind commands them from Anchor; whither they cannot, nor care to learn. How-

'tis

'tis with them they cannot inform you, nor how they would have it, nor what they shall be next day, or year; much less, all their life time.

While He that own's a Providence, and depends upon it, has one certain scope to which he directs all his designs, and moderates all his hopes and fears, in a certain perswasion of the Divine Wisdom Supremely disposing him, and all Events for the best purposes. So that, among the greatest elegancies and utmost beauty of the Creation, nothing is more fair and lovely, than the uniform obedience, and constant acquiescence of the Good Soul with his Makers Commands and Pleasure; to be without the rule and support whereof, would be his very Hell, as tormenting as it would be destructive to him: For 'tis that extirpates his doubts, and dark ratiocinations to a most satisfactory submission. Hence is he that Cube, which way soever turn'd, still resting on the same equal

Squ re. So that he can be as infallible in the conjectures of himſelf, through the many hidden changes of Futurity, and whatſoever ſhall on any juncture occur; as he can ſafely and contentedly judge of his preſent ſtate of life and injoyment.

The reſt of the world have their minds ſtill under ſuſpenſe, as ſo many Crows met and hovering over ſome Carrion; Or as a looſe flight of Atoms broken and wafting away from them, and they left an empty lodging for the next kind gale of a new life and intention. For here they live without any determinate and proper deſignment of life to bind them together; they never account with themſelves for what purpoſe they live, not what they aim at, or where they would reſt: but from this, haſt to another delight, and ſo to the next; Still upon the wing, and ſtill frighted, or tyred off, from their enjoyments. Thus they, like meer ſenſitive beings, neither know, nor have any other buſineſs of life, but ſtill to live on,

on, as far as they can go, in the meer determinations of Matter and Motion: Like those Creatures altogether, who are but the plainer and ruder pieces of Work-manship, to the nobler and most exquisite frame of the body of man: they being as it were made but with one single and easie motion, but we with the wonderful movements, of finer complications of wheels within one another: The observation of that Great Luminary of Philosophy and Physic, from whose unwearied abilities and penetrations Anatomical, I beg leave to borrow one of Singular consideration, distinguishing the enginry which our Spirits employ, of more special and curious contrivances, than are to be found in other animals.

In his accurate discovery of the use of the Intercostal nerves, in the fair branches thereof Communicated to the Region of the Heart, He maintains: that by these are kept up a continued commerce between the

Brain and Heart: ſo that hence are derived advices of each others affections, and all the diverſity of their phancies and ſentiments. Divinity and Nature hitherto teaching us that Wiſdom's reſidence is in the Heart: we here (ſays the ſame admirable Perſon) learn it to be rather in its clear concluſions, from the conferences and conſtant intercourſes between the Heart and Brain, and that this reciprocal correſpondence maintains the heat and light of mutual intelligence; and, duly interchanged, perfects our moſt complete intendments of Virtue and Prudence. Diſſecting a Natural, this texture of Nerves was found very ſmall and of fewer ſtrings than that branch in man oridnarily grows up with. In the body of an Ape this ſhooting forth ſome few inſertions toward the heart twined its fibres with the Nerve of the Diaphragm. Hence he infers this Creature has its ingeny and docility, not only expreſſing us in our geſtures, but even to

ſome

some faint resemblances of our very manners and affections.

Thus far that Inimitable Professor gives us light to our Brain and Heart to judge that they would be thought, in this stupendous Fabric, not the bare conflux only of loose Atoms; But that we have a body instructed to execute the orders of the Nobler Soul, and to act in joynt Commission with it; in a faithful observance of those distinct regular motions, their most wise Creator design'd them unto: beyond the utmost abilities of the neareſt order, and most similar of all inferior Creatures. So that for man to own no dependence on his Maker, not to raise his thoughts to the contemplation, and adoration of that hand, which stretch'd out the rule of his being and motions, and lengthens out all his lines as seems good to It, is to renounce the Heart and Brain of a reasonable being; And like the *Assyrian* Monarch while he views the stately and glorious built of his body,

Cry out in a Philoſophic Rapture; Is not this the wonderful Machine of Nature, which I with the ſtrength of my deep wiſdom have found to be rais'd upon my own Atoms, and can to my Honor ennoble theſe very particles with excellent Ornaments and Riches, out of the ſtore of my own admirable Underſtanding, which ſoars above the low and timorous flight of Vulgar knowledge, and ſcorns to own any Deity to Rival me in the boundleſs Empire of my ſelf-advancing Reaſon, Will, and Affections? Do we not, preſently upon theſe haughty Rodomontad's, ſee the juſt decree of the Great Watcher fulfilled upon the Romantic Sophies? Who turning themſelves into Commons with the Beaſts, and refuſing to hold of the Sovereignty of Heaven, forfeit the ſhape & heart of Man: nor fill up the buſineſs of their life with the true deſigns of Prudence and Virtue; to the happineſs whereof, they were in their very make and motions born and inſtructed.

But the Soul, whoſe foundations are laid

laid on unerring Providence, and affections enlarg'd and raiſed to a perfect dependence and conformity with the mind of Heaven, can now truly ſay (what another Emperor as fondly vaunted, when his vaſt Palace was contrived) that now at length it has began to live like a man.

The ſum of all is this, theſe Primates of the world of knowledge, loſe themſelves and the knowledge of their God, in the Miſt of their affected ignorance and inconſideration. They that think nothing impenetrable to their ſharp Judgment, and that their underſtandings are large enough to draw in the Ocean of all Science; a Fly ſtraying into their Eye, blunts and blinds the one; and a few Atoms on the breach, gravel and dam up the narrow entrance of the other. While they imagine they comprehend and encircle Nature in a Girdle of their own weaving, and know all the intrigues of indiſcernible Wheels, as plainly as the face and outſide of the work: Take but the leaſt part of this Crea-

ture

ture in pieces; You will at once admire their folly, and the fearful Art ſhut up in ſo little room; and that all this unaccountable workmanſhip, and coſt is laid out on him, who ſo undervalues and abuſes his Makers Wiſdom, and bounty ſtill waiting upon him. For it is an inceſſant miracle that prolongs the Creation, and maintains our lives with the even uninterrupted paces of ſo many curious Wheels and Motions, as we turn upon; the unſtringing of the leaſt whereof may diſſolve the whole order, break the chain which links all together, and put a full ſtop to the work and life of it. So little do they underſtand of their own dreadfully organiz'd Frame, and but juſt nothing how their underſtanding acts that by which they are become ſuch Monopolizers of knowledge.

Did they not reſt on ſome aiery contrivances of the phanſie, which comparing one part of the Creation with another, blending the Originals, paw-

ſes

ſes and periods of ſeveral beings with the pleaſant power of creating; did not ambiguous terms, and ſome bold defiances againſt Heaven, engage and confirm them; they would confeſs a Providence: and would they conſider and attentively examine themſelves, and the works of Time and Nature (which word retains with me it's innocent power and ſubſerviency) they would certainly acknowledge the hand of God in all this. A light and deſultory glance upon the Creation puffs up Sciolists, with an opinion of their omniſcience; but who ever ſeriouſly, conſtantly, intimatly acquaints himſelf with any part and paſſage thereof, ſhall behold ſuch amazing myſteries of infinite Power, Wiſdom, Goodneſs, as will reduce him joyfully to reſolve all into that Primary Great Mover, and Ultimate Center of All.

Of whom to have any mean and unworthy apprehenſions is as impious, as the conception it gives to Atheiſm

can

can make it: So that what repreſents God leſs adorable in his Goodneſs and Juſtice, thereby deſtroying the hopes of an invited and willing duty; or takes off our obligations, and diſpenſeth with our leaſt indulgencies and relaxations; ought to be the abomination of our conceptions, as much as they be the direct contradiction of the Nature of God, and cleareſt manifeſto's of his Will Thoſe ſeem to be the moſt Honourable Apprehenſions of the Divine Attributes, which debaſing man moſt, do poſſeſs the Soul with a pure Love, and awful dread of that Glorious Majeſty, which our weak intellectuals can more ſecurely contemplate in the reflex, than the direct eſſence and acts of tremendous Perfections.

Though Providence appear writing it ſelf every where, with the point of a Diamond darting a Sun-beam; Yet we endeavor to puzzle our interpretations and acknowledgements of it with our confuſed ſhallow and biaſſed notions, impeaching the equity of the great Ruler

Ruler of the World. But may I adviſe ſuch ſubtle diſputants, and aggreived peevishneſs, to await the Judgment of the laſt day, not doubting but that all the moſt bleſſed Attributes will be then vindicated from the ſilly intereſts, petty arguments, and calumnies, with which wretched Creatures aſperſe their Great Maker and Judge, darkning the ſecret Counſels of the Almighty, with words that want ingenuity and candor, no leſs than knowledge and wiſdom.

The Meditation of thoſe ſummons to a General Account yields me another ſatisfaction to the curioſity of buſie and inquiſitive man, which that day will afford. How far would not an active prying brain travel, to make a faithful collection and relation of the Hiſtory of the whole World? even to an *Amara* for the fragments of *Livy*, and as far for the Supplements of *Tacitus* would ſome venture. What labor and price, nay, fraud is thought too great to unlock ſome Cabinet Coun-

ſels,

ſels, perhaps thoſe no otherwiſe concerning our times, than for the high opinion they left of their influences upon their own; with the notable aims and inſtruments of their manage (in whoſe breaſts they died) would be the ſweat of many brains to recover, and embalm, with politic remarks of their own, from putrefaction in ſecret

This may be no ſmall inducement, conſidering our daily Inſpection and bold cenſures and examinations into the lives, actions and relations of all that are round about us, and the accounts we make of all events; to enjoyn us the greateſt care of our own particular duties: that ſo we may appear unconcern'd and acquitted in that great Rendezvous of ſpirits; and look for that bleſſed day with deſires, and expectations to receive in it a full narrative, and faithful Hiſtory, of the lives and moſt famous actions of all Mankind: when we ſhall behold with what apprehenſions and Juſtifications,

ons, *Alexander*, the *Cæsars*, and all the haughty Conquerors of the World will enter on that dreadful Theatre, and be brought also to the knowledge and admiration, of so many Noble Souls most deserving of their Generations, by their unvaluable and suppressed worth; who, trampling on the gayeties and follies of the World, with their own Rich Stock of Virtue and content, have silently (like the kind of subterranean fraternity of *Bohemia*) stoln into the dark and quiet of their Graves. All the Mysteries of Providence we are now solicitously and too curiously inquisitive into, so far as concerns our revolutions, shall be there unfolded; and of Prophesie also, that we are strangers unto, as to the manner of their accomplishment.

For may I have leave to suppose, many obscurities, in the last and constantly mistaken Revelation of Futurities, cannot possibly be brought down to our lower Stage of Earth, in the dress

dreſs they are there repreſented. I ſhould rather ſuppoſe great part of thoſe viſions of the boſom Evangeliſt to figure out the State, Glory, and Polity of the Great Court and Council of Heaven, giving diſpatches and orders to our Affairs below; which both ſpeaks the care, and conſultations (as I may phraſe it) our Maker graciouſly determines us withal: And ſomewhere it ſeems to me, not unlike the great convention, wherein the wicked King of *Iſraels* ruine was reſolved. And conſidering ſo much of the hiſtory thereof acted in Heaven, within the Veil (as I may ſay) of the Temple; and our ſucceeding revolutions to be but the immediate conſequents of thoſe myſterious Conclave reſults; and that Angels are Miniſters of State to the moſt High, and Guardians of Perſons, Nations, and Places; with Reverence due to the *Arcana* of the Empire, I ſhould the rather retain this Opinion. For were it alſo neceſſary to take place in our clear revealments of know-

knowledge, or of use and influence on our practice, I am assured, it would as clearly and fully answer the name it bears unto us; unless that also be to be understood, of what remains to be uncovered and revealed in after times.

Without breach however of Faith, and obedience unto the divine disposure: Let us wait the opening of these grand Truths to us, so far as is fit for the Courtiers and Favorites of Heaven to be acquainted with them. But if the greatest part of its History be by its accomplishment to be explained, the World has a duration beyond what we ordinarily allot it: And they are to be reprehended who think their own Age so great a portion of Time, and of such eminent regard; That there shall be no great instance of extraordinary moment, which they will not bring down to be born therein: and that their own persons and concerns are so wholly the peculiar care of divine benignity and conduct,

that there is no eie nor hand of goodneſs watching to be favourable to the reſt of the Family (which is an inveterate tincture of the ſpirit of Judaiſm) ſo that if they feel any preſſures or contradictions, the current of Providence muſt be ſuppoſ'd at a ſtand, and no leſs than fire from Heaven fetch'd down, to reſcue their pittiful proper Concerns: If the times they live in prove favourable, they gild them over with ſuch tranſcendent Glories as muſt make them outſhine and overweigh all other: But if they encounter deſerved or but ordinary difficulties; eſteeming themſelves the only true Gold of their Age, for whoſe refining theſe Tryals a e permitted, they will not want the pleaſure of heating the Furnace hotter than in thoſe famous Perſecutions, when the Church was yet in the mint: In the midſt whereof they are ſo far from the Doxologies of the Primitive Martyrs; that a meek Chriſtian would judge their mouths had contracted the

whole

whole fire, and that their Tongues only were under the ſcorching heat of tormenting Flames. But if thorough various emergencies they land on a good old age, upon the ſecure brink of the Grave; as if when their parts are over, there was nothing more to be acted on the world, and it became inſignificant when they are to be left out: They unwilling to ſpare their beloved Carcaſſes the time of a Patriarchs life (much leſs ſo long as theirs have been under divorce from the flood) preſently deſign with cruel Nero's wiſh the concluſion, (if not confuſion) of all the reſt of mankind; haſtning the Funerals of the Univerſe upon their own, that nothing may retard their private hopes and advantages: not reckoning up the Excellency of every member to reſt in the complement of the whole body; which conſidered extenſively, would enlarge the latitude of our converſe and mutual Charity.

If then theſe will be perſwaded to attend the infinitely wiſe motions of their Maker, we may gueſs by them, the Worlds age not ſo full of the aggravated ſymptoms of its ſeneſcency: ſake but that one Intention, and the only for which the Creation ſeems to have been rais'd from its nothing; the grand work of mans redemption: wherein the Power, Wiſdom, goodneſs of the Almighty concur, to give us an evidence of all engaged for our redreſs: to the deſign whereof ſo incomprehenſively myſterious, to the work of it wonderfully gracious; All we know or can deſire beſide, is but Vain and Deſpicable: and the whole not worthy nor able, to be the ſhell of this ineffable tranſaction of mercy. Yet this we ſee not till a full expired Period manifeſted; Heaven permitting ſome thouſand of years to ripen its birth, and ſo long keep off the deſire and longing of the whole Creation. So that if it ſhall now pleaſe the only Wiſdome, to prolong this free exhibiti-

exhibition of Grace, and repleniſh every corner of Earth with the joyful viſits and abode of this light; That a day may ſpring forth proportionate to the ſhades and twi ight of a long morning (dwelling in the dawning Eaſt of the Jews) by a culminating high Glory, and the leiſurable progreſſions of Time: if it have not yet aſcended its Meridian Luſtre, and greater beams and glories will be diſplaied unto after ages; if there be reſerved a ſucceſſion of greater wonders, in which the whole world ſhall at once ſee and adore the Scepter of their Redeemer, and every part of it feel the power glory and Joy of their Deliverance from Death and Hell: Why ſhould our evil eie envy this happy exaltation of Light, and the munificence of our Lord? Why ſhould we bind up the hands, and reſtrain the ſweet influences of Heaven? Rather may we ſuppoſe that this late manifeſtation was no Niggardice to the Happineſs of man; but that it will be extended,

with the moſt free and open effuſions and largeſſes of divine bounty.

But I dread to approach theſe Myſteries with a bold hand and profane foot; and adviſe others againſt temerarious putting forth theirs to the Sacred Ark, which needs not humane ſupport. For we may be ſo miſtaken in our dark conceptions, and ſelf relations; as to run into a quite contrary reſolution, of the egreſſes and motions of the Deity. And all the liberty we take in meditation on theſe hidden verities, will be moſt allowable; which makes way for our enlarged apprehenſions and adorations of Infinite Goodneſs. And indeed a wiſe man is not ſo much in proſpective, and foreſeeing Futurities; as (if I may uſe the word) in a continued Retroſpect, here he may attain certainty in his knowledge of things Paſt; a ſober conjecture of the following, an inſight into himſelf ſeeing the Errors overſeen; and ſetting up a fair rule for the time to come.

But

But I would not be thought all this while apologizing for Christianity, especially to those great Souls, who by their solemn initial Vows, more special obliges, and all the marks and bonds of their Nobility are engaged to defend the honour thereof with their utmost perils. For notwithstanding that Sarcasm of railing *Julian* to the complaints of the poor persecuted Christians, To you it is given to suffer: I am confident the greatest opposition of the mad world cannot prevail against this greatest Truth.

I might spend Volumes, to give you the Arguments our Religion defends it self withall. While Reason and the tongues of men and Angels can speak, they cannot be silent nor want demonstrative justifications, of that Goodness, which form'd them to a communication and declaration thereof. Christianity (for I will not divide and weaken it into factions) has of late been so powerfully vindicated, that Atheism can find out no new ir-

religion, which has not been beaten down, prevented and obviated. And may that Tongue be for ever uſeleſs, which will not ſpeak in defence of his glorious Maker: Our Profeſſion having ſuffered of late by oſtentation of thoſe who had no Religion; may not another Thief come on this hand, and ſteal away that neceſſary Declaration and maintainance of our Faith and hopes in too nice and modeſt Concealment of the truly devote Soul.

I may fear a treſpaſs on the Labors and Victories of our late Crowned Champions of Chriſtianity; whoſe Learning and Piety will render this our Age notoriouſly famous, by the challenges they have anſwered of bold impiety. Nor can I quit my ſelf perfectly in the rules and method of my diſcourſe: wherein I have rather taken the liberty of a Letter (and pray allow it to be like what it was born) the reſt is moſt of the notions, and long retained Sentiments of my own mind. And I believe would every one

one turn over those of his own Brain, many would be found so connatural to the being of the Soul, and Truth it self: and those in a distinct Character from others legible: that I may imagine, as God has given each its specific Spirit, so by differing Ideas this Principle is stamped and visible upon every one: for we see a Diversity of all faculties and capacities distinguishing the minds of men, God revealing himself also according to the module of our Intellectuals; Yet so, as all confesse and read this one great Truth of his Essence, though in various impressions on the Soul.

And that our conceptions of the Existence of a Deity so much differ, destroies not the reality of what we diversely apprehend. For bring into any Company (how great soever) some exotic and unknown Rarity, There shall not two agree perfectly, in all the modes of apprehending it; because they have an essential Diversity in the Faculties and Organs; as

also

alſo a different ſtock and poſſeſſion of former Notions, to which they have recourſe, and refer this preſent object. If it be ſo in things incurring ſenſe, and where often no affection is touched; In this Pure Abſtraction from all ſence, and a notion that ſtirs up and works on every paſſion (which are all ſo variable, that none of them can ever be ſaid to appear again in their former Phaſes) no wonder that our Conceptions hereupon are as diverſe as our Souls and Countenances. But that all have their proper and innate notions of the being of their Maker, I have greateſt reaſon to affirm; and confidently appeal to any perſon, whether he found not this, the only Indelible Principle upon his Soul, and after all his labour and art of oblivion, if it does not yet fairly upbraid the ſponge?

But this is a ſubject ſo copiouſly and methodically elſewhere, and by thoſe whoſe profeſſion has exerciſed their notions and parts, eventilated;

That

That I refer all mine to their Better directed, and therefore more confident Speculations; only craving pardon of those our venerable Guids in Holy things, for any sudden escapes of long confined thoughts: which (without offence [I hope] to their consecrate function) I have bundled up together to try how consentaneous they will be one with another; and out of an humble hope to serve our hopeful Young Gentry, in the early measures they are to take of themselves, and their Age.

My whole design being, to gain but so favourable an influence on our young Nobless, now fairly blossoming; that outliving the noysom Blasts, and Morning Nippings of the dangerous Vices, their Age and Quality are too obnoxious unto (no season being more bewailed than that of the forward and tender Spring, killed by hard and unnatural Colds) They may yield a pleasant shade and protection to Virtue, and de-

rive

rive the wholeſome and laſting Fruits thereof to ſucceeding Ages, flouriſhing in the Cions of their Noble ſtock. May you therefore thus revive the high Renown of your Famous Grandfathers that their great Images may ſeem inſpir'd to live again in you the Genuine Heirs of their Nobleſt Poſſeſſions. May you among all Nations recover, aud advance the high Honour and Intereſt of your dear Country. May the Glory and Puiſſance of your long deſired Soveraign be aggrandiz'd by the happy Acceſſions of your wiſedom, integrity and courage: That the Sagacity and Gravity of your Heads may ſeem to conſtitute under him a Judicature and Council as large as his Dominions: The Loyalty and Generoſity of your Hearts, be the Beams and Security of the Crown: The Valour and Activity of your Arms, his Forts, and Navy Royal: and your very private Families repreſent, and every where maintain the Splendor and Sanctions of a Regal Court. Then ſhall that good hand

hand of Divine Providence (which we have ſeen to riſe in a ſmall cloud, and ſuddenly ſpan ore the face of our whole Horizon, with amazing darkneſs and deſolations) turn all its terrors upon our Enemies, and ſhowr down [as of old] the wonderful Deliverances of his Power and benignity upon us: which ſhall fill up our furrows, with the bleſſed encreaſe of Truth and Peace. And *England* clear'd of all its noxious weeds and Briars: under the conſtant irrigation of Heavenly munificence and care, ſhall no longer bear the folly ingratitude and curſe of ſo long *Barrenneſs*; but becomc a fair planted Encloſure of all its former Plenty and Proſperity.

FINIS.

C

Pri

I DL

PRID

INT

LUS

GAM

SWE

ATH

THE CONTENTS OF THE Principal HEADS, Herein contained.

IDLENES Pag. 8.

PRIDE Pag. 26.

INTEMPERANCE Pag. 37.

LUST Pag. 50.

GAMING Pag. 71.

SWEARING Pag. 85.

ATHEISM Pag. 94.